

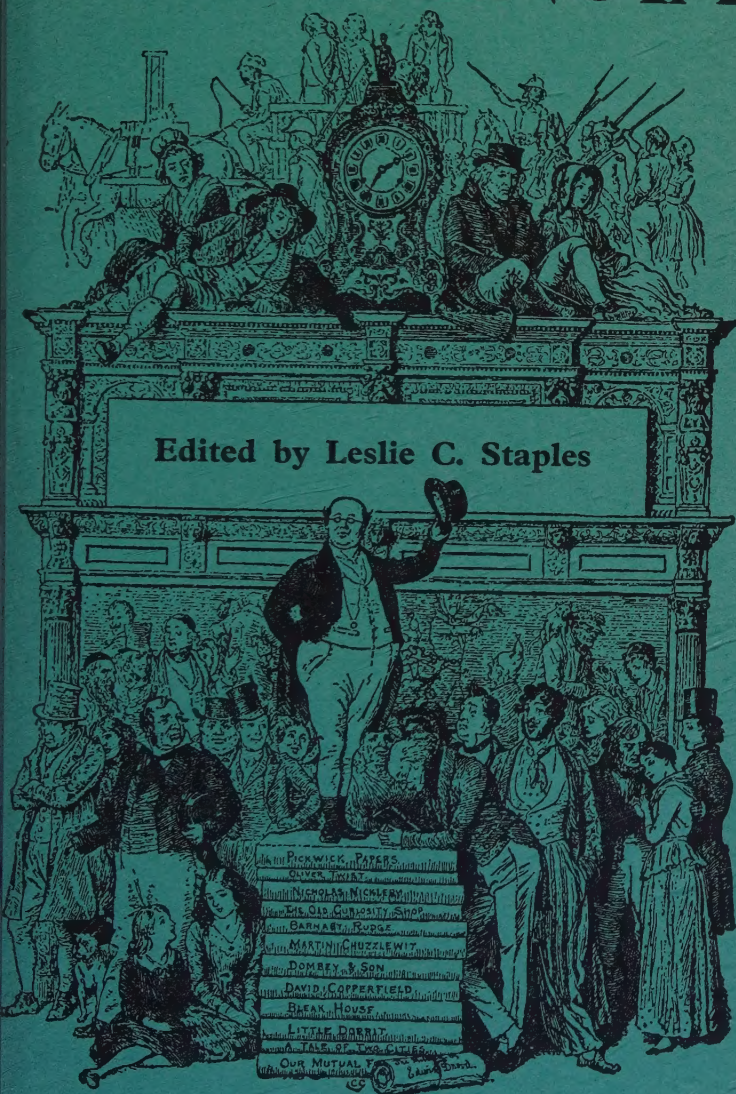
XLIX,

SUMMER NUMBER

Published June 1953

No. 307

THE DICKENSIAN



Edited by Leslie C. Staples

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1.

Price **TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE**

Subscription rate: Ten Shillings and Sixpence, per annum, post free.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CORONATION QUOTATION	99
WHEN FOUND—The Editor	100
A GREAT FRIENDSHIP—K. J. Fielding	102
PICKWICK AT CROSBY HALL	107
RECENT DICKENSIANA	107
THE DICKENS BIRTHDAY DINNER	108
WHEN THE CHOLERA RAGED AT CHATHAM—W. J. Carlton ...	113
DICKENS AND THE WELFARE STATE—Arthur G. Jones ...	118
DICKENS AND ELLEN TERNAN—Gerald G. Grubb ...	121
RAYS AND REVELATIONS—F. A. Gibson	129
DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS—K. J. Fielding	130
AN INVALUABLE BOOKLET	136
NOTES ON <i>The Old Curiosity Shop</i> —T. W. Hill	137
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP	143

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

London, W.C.1

ESTABLISHED 1884.

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

First Editions of the Works of Charles
Dickens, including Presentation Copies;
also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for

— Sale —

THE OXFORD ILLUSTRATED TROLLOPE

Each Novel has an Introduction, and a Series of illustrations by modern english artists

SO FAR PUBLISHED

THE PRIME MINISTER	2 volumes in a case.	36s. net
CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?	2 do.	30s. net
PHINEAS FINN	2 do.	30s. net
PHINEAS REDUX	2 do.	30s. net
THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS	2 do.	30s. net
THE WARDEN	one volume	15s. net

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

with illustrations contemporary
with Trollope

18s. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE REVIEW OF ENGLISH STUDIES

Editor: JOHN BUTT, B.Litt., M.A.

A Quarterly Journal of historical and critical studies in English literature and the English language, founded in 1925. Each issue contains articles, short notes, reviews of recent books, and a summary of periodical literature. The Editor is supported by an advisory panel of twenty distinguished scholars.

A New Series commenced with the volume for 1950.

Published in January, April, July and October.

Subscription (for four consecutive numbers) 30s., *post free*.

Single numbers 8s. 6d. *net*.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Amen House - London, E.C.4.



Angela Burdett Coutts

from a portrait by J. R. Swinton, 1865.

THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

VOL. XLIX.

JUNE 1953

No. 307



To that one young couple on whose bright destiny the thoughts of nations are fixed, may the youth of England look, and not in vain, for an example. From that one young couple, blessed and favoured as they are, may they learn that even the glare and glitter of a court, the splendour of a palace, and the pomp and glory of a throne, yield in their power of conferring happiness, to domestic worth and virtue. From that one young couple may they learn that the crown of a great empire, costly and jewelled though it be, gives place in the estimation of a Queen to the plain gold ring that links her woman's nature to that of tens of thousands of her humble subjects, and guards in her woman's heart one secret store of tenderness, whose proudest boast shall be that it knows no 'Royalty' save Nature's own, and no pride of birth but being the child of heaven! So shall the highest young couple in the land for once hear the truth, when men throw up their caps, and cry with loving shouts—

GOD BLESS THEM

CHARLES DICKENS

Sketches of Young Couples (1840).

WHEN FOUND—

Dedication in Cambridge, Mass. The Livingston Stebbins Library, named after a well loved Vice-President of the Boston Branch of the Fellowship, at Lesley College, Cambridge, was the scene of the happy inauguration on January 28th, of a Dickens Corner. Mr. Edward F. Payne, President, formally handed over to the college the notable collection of Dickensiana assembled by the Branch over the years, to be a source of inspiration to successive generations of students and to the pupils who later would come under their care. Dr. Trentwell Mason White accepted the collection on behalf of Lesley College, and dedicated the Corner "to the Memory of Charles Dickens". Mr. Livingston Stebbins, by whose generosity the plan became possible, spoke of his confidence in the fruitful service to which the Dickens Corner was destined. A happy feature of the ceremony was the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Emlyn Williams. Mr. Williams was in the midst of his second highly successful series of Dickens Readings in Boston.

* * * * *

Walter Dickens Taking advantage of a recent visit to Calcutta, we undertook a pilgrimage to the grave of Dickens's second son, Walter Landor Dickens, a Lieutenant in the 26th Native Infantry, who died suddenly on December 31st, 1863. An account of the discovery of his grave and a copy of the inscription appears in *The Dickensian*, 1911, p. 41, which states that it lies in Alipore Cemetery, but in fact, as indicated by the death certificate, kindly obtained (and the grave located anew) for us by Mr. Guy Robinson, it is in the Bhowanipore Cemetery. There appears to be some confusion about his age. The death certificate states that it was 24, the epitaph gives 23, but the entry in the Family Bible (see *The Dickensian*, 1949, p. 172) states, in Dickens's own hand, that he was born on February 8th, 1841. Not until the recent publication of Professor Edgar Johnson's edition of Dickens's letters to Miss Burdett Coutts, reviewed on p. 102, was the full story of Walter's death known. It occurs in the letter dated February 12th, 1864.

* * * * *

New Inn It was in December, 1834, that Dickens set up in bachelor chambers for himself, but it is not generally known that a month earlier he contemplated finding rooms in New Inn. A letter dated from Bentinck Street in November of that year has recently turned up, in which he enquires of the Steward about the rules of the Society regulating tenancy in New Inn. In it he states that he is "not a member of the legal profession", his whole time being "devoted to literary pursuits," but that he intended "entering at the Bar as soon as circumstances" would permit him to do so. It is doubtful whether he seriously contemplated a career at the Bar at that date, and the statement was probably made in an effort to obtain chambers. However, he did not do so, for he shortly afterwards took up residence in Furnivals Inn.

Edgar Johnson's Life of Dickens

illustrations, at 70s.

The news will be welcomed that *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, by Edgar Johnson, reviewed in our March number, will, in the autumn, be published in an English edition by Victor Gollancz, in two volumes, 1,384 pages and 100

* * * * *

A Dickens Opera

work of distinction, it was well received by the critics. It is greatly to be hoped that its first stage production will not long be delayed.

* * * * *

Frank Reynolds

tions to *Pickwick* and *Copperfield* won him a lasting fame with Dickens lovers. Perhaps less known, his illustrations to *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and a portfolio of character sketches, are equally desirable.

* * * * *

Fort House

Fort House, Broadstairs, a favourite holiday home of Dickens, and well known these many years by the confusing title of Bleak House (for it had nothing whatever to do with the novel) was sold in February. The purchaser was Mrs. M. E. Schoneboom, who for many years conducted a hotel at Clapham. It has now opened its doors as a Country Club.

* * * * *

London History

Workman & Co. at 8s. It is a most useful book for the metropolitan wayfarer, who finds his ramblings greatly stimulated and aided by the multitude of tablets which now adorn so many houses. It is valuable but not complete. Of the eight tablets in London commemorating Dickens, only four are mentioned. Tribute should also be paid to the splendid series of tablets erected in Southwark for the Festival of Britain and which are of great permanent interest to Dickensians and others.

* * * * *

Emlyn Williams

In addition to theatrical bookings he has made many "one night stands" at universities and colleges where his reception has been overwhelming.

* * * * *

In Korea

a copy of *Pickwick*.

A GREAT FRIENDSHIP

By KENNETH J. FIELDING

I

FOR many years everyone interested in Dickens has been dissatisfied with the incomplete selection of his letters to Miss Burdett Coutts edited by Charles C. Osborne in 1931. It was known that the full collection had been sold in 1922, when it was bought by an American collector, and that the better part of it remained unpublished. It was only at the end of 1950 that the full collection, still virtually entire, was added to the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, and its director invited Professor Edgar Johnson to edit a new selection for publication.¹

The Dickens-Coutts correspondence is remarkable for its size alone. Apart from nearly fifty letters to Dr. and Mrs. Brown, it includes over five hundred to Miss Burdett Coutts. As the editor explains in the preface, "hardly more than a quarter of Dickens's letters to Miss Coutts have ever appeared in print," and to the best of his knowledge "only one of those to Mrs. Brown." The present edition consists of two hundred and eighty letters, most of which have never been published before, skilfully chosen, well presented and authoritatively introduced. After writing incomparably the best biography of the novelist, Professor Johnson has wisely edited the most important extant series of letters Dickens ever wrote.

The Dickens-Coutts correspondence throws a remarkable light on his family affairs, his affection for his children, his relaxations, amusements and all the familiar jaunts and jollities; but their largest and most important single theme is the social work that Dickens and Miss Coutts undertook together. Something of this has been known before, but never has it been shown so clearly and brilliantly as here. In his visits to the Ragged Schools, his surveys in the slums of Bethnal Green and Westminster, and above all in the personal management of Miss Coutt's Home for reformed prostitutes at Shepherd's Bush, Dickens expressed his passionate desire for order and social justice. The new letters are the answer to such critics as George Santayana who justly recognised that "his one passion was a genuine philanthropy," but complained that he "felt it only on its negative reforming side: of positive utopias or enthusiasms he felt nothing." It is, perhaps, true that such an opinion might be justified from Dickens's novels alone which show his increasing impatience at muddle, dirt, delay and defective institutions. But nothing could be more positive than the scores of charities he assisted, the hard work he put into the practical business of administration, his strict isolation from all merely political disputes, and his repeated appeal "to working men" to "save themselves from untimely sickness and death" and "to keep their need of social reforms" constantly "before them."

It is clear that Dickens's heart was in this lifelong campaign for reform, though the misgiving remains that he often threw himself into the whirl of arranging the lives of others to escape

¹ *The Heart of Charles Dickens*; Edited by Edgar Johnson. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$6.00.

the worries that attended his own. As well as his creative genius he had a daemon for organisation. Yet the letters themselves are full of his wit and fancy, abounding in anecdote, character and incident as well as brilliant satire, sober argument and the serious discussion of his books. No other great letter-writer has had such wide experience or can show such vivid contrasts. Scene succeeds scene in endless variety. There is the reformed graduate of the Home who presented Dickens "with the most hideous Ostrich egg ever laid—wrought all over with frightful devices"; the pitiful ragged children of Field Lane; his old friend Townshend, fastened into his carriage, like "Boadicea's father"; Wilkie Collins in Italy; the strange case of Caroline Maynard Thompson; sharp-eyed Inspector Field; and one most curious incident which must be described in Dickens's own words. He had been prospecting in a derelict district of Bermondsey where he had come on a spot called Hickman's Folly: "the last hopeless climax of everything poor and filthy . . . No more road than in an American swamp—odious sheds for horses, and donkeys, and vagrants, and rubbish . . . wooden houses like horrible old packing cases full of fever for a countless number of years. In a broken down gallery at the back of a row of these, there was a wan child looking over at a starved old white horse who was making a meal of oyster shells. The sun was going down and flaring out like an angry fire at the child—and the child, and I, and the pale horse, stared at one another in silence for some five minutes as if we were so many figures in a dismal allegory . . . Lord knows when anybody will go in to the child, but I suppose it's looking over still—with a little wiry head of hair, as pale as the horse, all sticking up on its head—and an old weazen face—and two bony hands holding on the rail of the gallery, with little fingers like convulsed skewers."

The unwanted boy and the decaying house were already in Dickens's mind as dominant symbols of his work and he was spellbound to find them starting into life. Divided as he was between the timeless world of his imagination and a ceaseless attempt to lose himself in action, the scene of the author confronted by the imprisoned child still retains a haunting symbolism.

II

In an edition of letters ranging over such an extensive panorama of social and cultural history the editorial footnotes are an important part of the work. They are generally informative, exact and neatly expressed. It is particularly refreshing to find an editor sure enough of his ground and yet modest enough to refrain from ingenious guessing. Many of the more negative entries, however, might have been filled in without a great deal of difficulty. The "unidentified" sculptor Adams, for example (p. 216), was certainly G. G. Adams who was responsible for busts of both Sir Francis Burdett and the Duke of Wellington. An account of Dickens's interview with the toll-takers from Waterloo Bridge (mentioned in the letter of October 30th, 1852) was incorporated at great length in his article "Down With The Tide" in *Household Words* of February 5th, 1853. Mr. Sidney the expert on

emigration (p. 201) was Samuel Sidney, editor of *Sidney's Emigrant's Journal*. "Mr. Illingworth," conjecturally identified as possibly a surgeon, H. S. Illingworth (p. 139), was evidently Edward A. Illingworth, one of the officers of the Bridewell Prison, Cold Bath Fields, with Lieutenant Tracey. The "unidentified" "placid doctor" (p. 209), "our rapid light comedy friend" (p. 216) must surely have been Dr. Southwood Smith who was certainly helping in the Westminster Survey, and who is mentioned (p. 207) as on the point of being consulted about Mrs. Brown: a little earlier Dickens had pointed the joke by enquiring "I hope you have recovered [from?] Doctor Smith's extreme rapidity and rush of words? He reminds me in that respect of Charles Mathews" (p. 200). The "unexplained" "Key and Bible business," tried in bed by "Little Willis from the Ragged School" (p. 214) was a common method of superstitious divination. Lady Olliffe was William Cubitt the builder's daughter (p. 326) and Dickens proposed her health as Lady Mayoress at a reception given by her father at the Mansion House on the 1st April, 1861: the *D.N.B.* is wrong. Layard's "mistake" (p. 297) may have had something to do with Lord Hardinge's conduct of the war—this is a point of some doubt and difficulty—but it almost certainly also involved his reception in the House of Commons when he made an attack on the late superintendent of Balaclava Harbour for the loss of the *Prince*. And the extra Christmas number, "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," can hardly be called "a story of a native uprising in one of the Empire's colonial possessions" (p. 350). Some of the final remarks about Miss Coutts herself, moreover, are inexact (pp. 382-3) largely because most of the works that have been published about her have been purposely misleading. Such slips as these stand out only because the notes are elsewhere helpful and the commentary precise. Yet, cumulatively, they are by no means unimportant.

III

The present selection of letters, therefore, is of unrivalled importance and the editing thorough and sound; yet there remain certain statements which it seems proper to question only because a review is the right place to express a difference of opinion before such points are generally accepted on the undoubted authority of the editor. For there is unlikely to be another book on this scale about Dickens's friendship with Miss Coutts; but while the text is almost impeccable,¹ and the commentary stimulating, it is impossible to agree with some of its conclusions.

The two most important concern the beginning and end of their association, on which Professor Johnson seems largely to have been misled by Charles C. Osborne, who was incidentally not Miss Coutts's "private Secretary until her death" (p. 382), but, on his own account, left her service in 1898; there is some reason,

¹ Two suggestions only might be made; the "Leads" of a scheme (p. 191) Miss Coutts sent Dickens were probably "heads," and the foreign-looking "Mon cher" (p. 157) is certainly our old friend the volatile "Mowcher" of *David Copperfield*.

moreover, for thinking that he would be more correctly described as a junior member of her secretariat, and certainly none of his statements about her should be accepted without close scrutiny. In his commentary in the *Letters*, for example, Osborne opened by saying that their friendship began "probably not later than 1835"; he started his chapter on Dickens in the materials he subsequently collected for Miss Coutts's biography¹ by stating that it was in the autumn of 1837; and he went on, a few pages later, to suggest that it was not until some time "about" December 1838. The question is clearly confusing and not one to be taken for granted. It is further complicated, however, by the legend that Miss Coutts was Charley's godmother: a story which Professor Johnson lets pass unchallenged.

If it were true, of course, there would be no further dispute: Miss Coutts would have had to have met Dickens at least as early as December 9th, 1837, the date of the christening. But in the absence of all documentary evidence it remains entirely incredible.² Osborne, himself, never mentions that Miss Coutts was said to have been Charley's godmother—a point, perhaps, in its favour. Mr. Henry Charles Dickens tells me that he never heard it mentioned in the family. There is no reference to the ceremony in the correspondence; Charley was apparently not mentioned in it by name until 1843; and there is not a word of Miss Coutts subsequently standing to him in the relation of godmother, in all five hundred letters. It is curious that so fervent a Churchwoman should apparently have made no later mention of her spiritual responsibilities. Of course she treated Charley as her *protégé*, but this was by no means exceptional,³ and was apparently her way of showing her gratitude to Dickens for all the work he cheerfully undertook on her behalf. It is almost unthinkable that he should even have considered inviting the daughter of a Tory baronet to a family function at which John Dickens was bound to play the fool and when most of his nearest relatives would have undoubtedly let him down in front of his new aristocratic connections. However often the story is repeated,⁴ it is extremely difficult to believe that she was ever more than a kind of bountiful "fairy godmother" to Dickens's eldest son who could always be relied upon to help him in trouble and to supply the most magnificent Twelfth Night cakes.

The question is important because it affects the whole appreciation of their remarkable association. As Professor Johnson himself says, "Nineteenth-century bankers did not make a habit of presenting reporters, however brilliant, who were earning only seven guineas a week, to the daughters of baronets with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds a year." Yet the main reason for doubting that their introduction by Edward Marjoribanks was an exception to this is neither that their friendship at such a time was inconceivable in itself, nor even that no letters between

¹ British Museum, Add. Mss. 46406.

² Godparents are not recorded in the Baptismal Register, entry no. 2536, St. Pancras Church.

³ She did the same for Ashmead Bartlett, who later became her husband, and whom she first met when he was a boy of eight or nine, about 1860-1.

⁴ In her *Story of Charles Dickens*, 1952, p. 100, for example, Eleanor Graham says not only that Dickens first met Miss Coutts in 1835 but that he was probably introduced to her by Talfourd. I know of no authority for this addition. The godmother legend was current in Dickens's lifetime but though it has gone unchallenged for so long, it is harder to believe than ever.

them are known until some four years later: the chief objection is that in all Dickens's other published letters, and his diaries, Miss Coutts is never mentioned until 1839. Between their earliest known letters and those of 1841, moreover, their friendship advanced so steadily from formality to affection that it is difficult to believe that they could have known each other four years earlier. The question might be examined even further, but with every respect for the editor's judgment it may certainly be submitted that he has probably been misled.

No less debatable than the way in which their friendship opened is the way in which it closed. Up to 1858 Dickens wrote Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown well over five hundred letters; after 1858 apparently no more than fourteen. In 1859 none were written, or survive, whatsoever. In suggesting that the Morgan collection may be seriously incomplete for the final period Professor Johnson seems to be aware that he is arguing against all the evidence. Certainly a few may have been lost, but it is extremely unlikely that as many as a dozen are missing for the last twelve years and not improbable that none may be lacking at all. It is true that after Dickens retired to Gad's Hill he saw much less of all his old friends than before; and Miss Coutts had certainly had W. H. Wills as her secretary, in his place, since 1856. But when she is mentioned so frequently in Dickens's published letters between 1840 and 1858, why was she so seldom referred to after 1862? Although Wills was already her secretary there had been several letters about the Home between 1856 and 1858: why were there none about its dissolution, in which Dickens must have been equally interested? And why is it that after he had taken such pains in surveying the site for her model workmens' flats in 1852, there were no letters about them when building eventually started in 1859?

No less significant than the letters that may be missing are those to Miss Coutts that survive. They are all of the kind that have to be written, and all but one are replies: there is one written after the death of his brother Alfred, and another on hearing that Walter had died in India; an answer to an enquiry about the Staplehurst accident (when he even wrote to Mrs. Dickens); a reply to a conventional Christmas remembrance; and a request for help for one of his son's old tutors. Such letters as these are a sad contrast to the brilliant series he had sent her in "the years that lay behind." Curiously enough, when she was Chauncey Hare Townshend's executrix in 1868 and Dickens was left with the task of dealing with his literary papers, Miss Coutts seems carefully to have preserved a letter he despatched to the solicitor acting for the estate¹—while there is not a note or a line to indicate that he wrote to her direct. It is strange, moreover, that Professor Johnson's publishers (on the dust jacket) should say that the letters show that Dickens "debated" how he should conclude *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-5). As far as one can see he discussed none of his novels with her after *Little Dorrit*. It appears that Dickens sent her a copy of *A Tale of Two Cities* four months late,

¹ Dickens to Edward Jackson, March 31st, 1868, Dickens-Coutts collection, Pierpont Morgan Library.

when he "hoped" she might "not have read it"; but this is very different from the days when she often saw his works in proof. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Osborne (again) was wrong in saying that when Dickens separated from his wife "it did not break their friendship" and that Miss Coutts took no "definite side."¹ It is true that there was never any question of an outright breach between them, but it seems likely that in leaving Mrs. Dickens he eventually cut himself off from Miss Burdett Coutts as well.

Yet however one regards the story of their friendship, *The Heart of Charles Dickens* certainly remains essential reading for everyone interested in his life and work.

¹ British Museum, Add. Mss. 46406.

PICKWICK AT CROSBY HALL

When, on April 23rd last, Mr. Pickwick appeared upon the dais of Crosby Hall, one almost expected him to take out his notebook and express himself in characteristic fashion about the amazing survival of this ancient and beautiful hall and its astonishing peregrination from Bishopsgate to Chelsea. But he did no such thing. His familiar adventures, or some of them, were faithfully presented by the fertile skill of Mrs. Jane Bacon and her faithful company.

On this occasion Mrs. Bacon eschewed the use of curtains, scenery and other similar theatrical appurtenances, thereby emphasising the dignity of the ancient hall. In the first part of the programme, three of the five episodes presented took place in famous London inns, and the setting served the producer admirably. The others were placed at Dingley Dell, while the second part was composed of Bob Sawyer's bachelor party at the Raddle establishment.

The company, too large for enumeration here, acquitted itself admirably and the proceeds were devoted to the Lord Mayor's Flood and Tempest Distress Fund.

L.C.S.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

Charles Dickens." K. J. Fielding. *Writers and Their Work*, No. 137. The Brit. Council, the Nat. Book League, Longmans Green. 2s.

The Case of Dickens and Ellen Ternan." Earl Jowitt. *The Sunday Times*. March 8th and 15th.

Dickens's Marchioness Identified." Gerald G. Grubb. *Modern Language Notes*, LXVIII. March.

The Dramatisation of *Edwin Drood*." K. J. Fielding. *Theatre Notebook*. April-June.

A Note on the Dickens-Collins friendship." Arthur A. Adrian. *Huntington Library Quarterly*. February.

Dickens's Uses of Animism." Priscilla Gibson. *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*. March.

THE DICKENS BIRTHDAY DINNER

Waldorf Hotel, London, February 7th, 1953

Extracts from speeches by :

Sir ARTHUR COMYNS CARR, Q.C.
R. J. CRUIKSHANK

GEOFFREY DE FREITAS, M.P.
Sir GERALD BARRY, *Chairman*

SIR ARTHUR S. COMYNS CARR, Q.C., on the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens:

What is it that distinguishes a first-class novel from a good one in the second-class? One question could, I suppose, be answered in many different ways. The particular distinction I am going to mention is that it is one which takes up rather a little time—it has to be read and then read again twenty years later. With a good second-class book you exclaim, as you read it the second time, "this is quite a good book," and on getting half-way through it you think you have read it before. With a first-class book, with any book of Dickens, if you were so foolish as to allow twenty years to elapse before you read it again, you would even then say, almost at once: "Here are some old friends." That is, I think, one of the great distinctions between a great novel and one which is merely good. The people in it are old friends and however long it may be since you first met them, you are as delighted to greet them as if you saw them every day of your life, and that is because they are real people. Now, by that I do not mean necessarily that you ever saw anybody walking about clothed in flesh and blood—and whatever else he or she might wish to wear—exactly like any one of the characters in any book of Charles Dickens, but as Gilbert Chesterton pointed out a long time ago, what is distinctive about the characters of Dickens is not that they are drawn from life, they *are* life. They are people, and the fact that you never met them before is no more surprising than that you never met any other friend that you might make for the first time before, or anyone just exactly like that. They have that great characteristic of life; they are creations; they are individual people and people whom you cannot help being delighted to meet.

There are people, of course, who would have us believe that Dickens is out of date, that his outlook on life is altogether unsuited to the present day, and they will try to pour contempt upon it. Particularly, you will find certain young people complaining of sentimentality and they would have you believe that sentimentality is a thing which is entirely despised and unknown to the present generation. I wonder what all that stuff is that oozes out of the radio, from crooners and the like. What do you call that, if it is not sentiment? There is one difference—Dickens awakes in you sentiment about the misfortunes of other people; the crooner only creates sentimentality about your own love affairs. Yet, if the sentiment is sincere and genuine as it was, even if it is, in some cases, laid on perhaps rather thicker than suits our feelings to-day—I confess to an occasional twinge about little Nell, as though there perhaps is rather too much of her—yet we should, all of us, be a great deal the better to-day, if we

were not quite so cynical about the type of sentiment which is to be found in the works of Charles Dickens. It was indeed more popular in the Victorian era than it is to-day, but don't let us pretend to ourselves that sentimentality is dead; it has only taken a different and rather less desirable form.

Why is it that we so seldom find in literature the vital work which we recognise and delight in when we read Dickens? What is it that enabled that man to bubble over with the creation of all those marvellous characters and never fail to realise what it was that he created? In some of Thackeray's books I personally always feel that he did not know how unpleasant some of his characters were. Dickens always knew, and he always knew what he was aiming at, what he was seeking to show us in his books. I don't mean merely, or even chiefly, those books in which he is promoting a social cause or satirising a social foible, but all the time you feel that Dickens's writing is moving towards a definite purpose and a foreseen lesson.

This evening we have no doubt what we have come for; we have come here to honour the great name of Charles Dickens, the greatest, I would say, creator of characters and writer of novels in the whole of our history, and perhaps in the whole history of the world. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens.

MR. GEOFFREY DE FREITAS, M.P., on the Dickens Fellowship:

My only connection with Dickens is a very small one, of which I am reminded by Mr. Justice Cassels in his speech at the Jubilee Dinner. One of my great-great-grandfathers was one of the old Benchers of the Middle Temple described by Dickens as being blue-nosed and too much given to the consideration of vintage port. How my great-great-grandfather described Charles Dickens, I don't know. It was a robust age and he might have said almost anything in describing Charles Dickens, the student of Middle Temple.

To-night, though, Mr. Cruikshank is going to reply to this toast. He is Editor of the *News Chronicle*, the successor of Dickens's *Daily News*. Charles Dickens's connection with the *Daily News* is perhaps not widely known, and possibly in a few hundred years, when generations and centuries are not so clearly defined as they are to-day, some people will think that Dickens's connection with the *Daily News* was due merely to the versatility of Mr. Cruikshank who took some time off to do some illustrating.

Now it is dangerous, Mr. Chairman, for a politician to speak of a newspaper. But I shall run the risk and congratulate the *News Chronicle* and its editors, past and present, for helping the Fellowship. Mr. Cruikshank's book recently published, *The Humour of Dickens*, has not only introduced Dickens to many thousands of people, but has brought financial aid to the Dickens House. It has sold 45,000 copies or more, and is now out of print. Any day one may now expect to see a *News Chronicle* edition of Dickens. I think I should like Mr. Hodson, the City Editor, to come out with some powerful comments on Mr. Micawber's

financial problems; and I should like Mr. Cummings—I am sure he could not fail to guess that the unknown man who came down the chimney when Mrs. Nickleby was dining was none other than Herbert Morrison.

This has been a great culminating year for Dickensians and the Fellowship deserves to be thanked for what it has done. It has endowed Tiny Tim cots in hospitals at home and abroad; it has helped many charities. I shall refer only to the work that it has done for the blind in providing editions in braille of Dickens's books, so that the blind can see the Artful Dodger, Mrs. Gamp and the rest, just as we can. And now 48 Doughty Street is safe and endowed; the Fellowship has raised the £10,000 it set out to raise.

My toast is the Dickens Fellowship, and I have great pleasure in proposing it, because it is a fellowship of warm-hearted men and women journeying together, spreading the aims and spreading the love of humanity which is the keynote of Dickens's work; and as long as we go forward together searching for a better city, a new Jerusalem, as long as we keep on struggling for that kind of heaven, we can be certain that Charles Dickens is of the company.

MR. R. J. CRUIKSHANK, C.M.G., replied for the Dickens Fellowship:

I would like to put to the Dickens Fellowship a certain problem which has been haunting me for some time—what does it think is the most interesting thing about Charles Dickens? His great novels, the superb characters he created, his matchless invention, his sense of narrative and speed of dramatic effect, the wonderful fountain of humour that springs and sparkles in his writings, that grotesque phantasy that so often broods like a London fog over such novels as *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*? Is it that? or is it all the details of his everyday life, his quarrels and the minutiae of his domestic existence? Are those the things that are important? Or is it the novels themselves? That is a theme I would like to propound to you to-night, because it comes to me very strongly, having read, during the last few years, an enormous number of biographies of the master.

I would like to propose the apparently heretical theory that what matters most about a great writer is what he has written. Surely, the best of an author of genius resides in his books, whilst the ephemeral part of him is usually lovingly and carefully embalmed by that race of research men of our time—the biographers. In many of those recent biographies I have ploughed my way through—and like Mr. F's aunt, I name no names—there was little indeed in them to hint that Charles Dickens was a superb prose poet, that there was a reserve of humour and phantasy in him that no other novelist of our race has possessed. One book sees him as an elderly and philandering amorist. Is not that, to put it on its lowest basis, rather missing the point? So I would appeal to you to-night to let us jointly invoke a plague on the monstrous horde of bodysnatchers of literature and let us cry, when they beg at the door, let us cry the great and glad cry:

"Back to Copperfield! Back (if you like) to Codlin and Short! Back to Squeers!" But do not stop getting back to Chapman and Hall.

Now, if you would accept my plea for a greater consideration for Dickens, the writer, and a somewhat less acute obsession for Dickens, the man, I hope you will do all you can to encourage a new school of creative writings in the Dickens camp. I personally am wearied of books on Dickens, the Marxist; Dickens, the anti-Marxist; Dickens, the founder of the Labour Party; Dickens, the founder of the Liberal Party; Dickens, the reformer of the Conservative Party; Dickens, the actor; Dickens, the pathological case—anything but Dickens the novelist. Let the psychologists please go away and leave you and me to shoo donkeys with Betsey Trotwood, or discuss with Mr. F's aunt the milestones down the Dover Road; let them leave us to say with Joe Gargery: "Wot larx, Pip, wot larx!" I would like to propose a ten-year moratorium on any more biographies of Dickens, so that we can all have time again to read all the novels through; so that we may have leisure to go on the coach with Pickwick, or to join Twemlow, Podsnap and Lady Toppins at a little dinner with the Veneerings.

It seems that a great writer, an author of genius, lives more than most of us do in two worlds. There is the world outside him, which is full of the petty vexations, the disappointments, the disillusiones, the setbacks which befall all of us, great or small, alike. Then there is the world inside him, and the world inside Dickens was so surpassingly rich, so beautiful, so tinted with such a variety of characters who, as Sir Arthur Comyns Carr well said, are none the less alive because we have not met them. It is such a magnificent world, the world where he lived and lives still. What a world it is! Take one example that is frequently borne in on me. One may know London well, one may know its streets and its quiet haunts, and one who does so can recognise, particularly in the central part of London, the lineaments of it as they are still preserved from Dickens's time; but once you start walking through the streets and courts of Holborn in *Bleak House*, once you start walking through the strange by-ways and alleys of Southwark in *Little Dorrit*, you are in a London transformed and transmuted by the genius of a great artist, just as, when you see a Vermeer street scene, you know you might be looking into a small by-way of the Hague. But that is only the magic of an opening into a by-way in heaven. It's that terrific transforming quality which he has; it is a gift, which is comparable to that of any of the great painters, of seeing the unusual, the unique quality in a place as well as in people; it makes a strange poetry of the very places where we walk to-day, because they seem to be the shadow about us of some perfectly romantic place that is laid up in that heaven called DICKENS.

Well now, I hope the whole room is not stocked with potential biographers of Charles Dickens. I would not like to discourage them; but, in accepting on behalf of you all, members of the Fellowship, the very gracious tribute that has been laid at your altar by Mr. de Freitas, I would like once more to utter my harsh,

unpleasing, but insistent cry—Back to Pecksniff! Return to Jarley's waxworks! Come home to Tommy Traddles! Up, Sairey Gamp! God bless you, Mr. Copperfield! Bravo, Podsnap! Looking to you, Mrs. Gargery! Raise a glass to Vincent Crumles! Pray silence for the Right Honourable Wilkins Micawber! And I say most fervently of all, three cheers for the Immortal Pickwick!

SIR GERALD BARRY, replied to the Toast of his health, proposed by Mr. Vernon Fielder:

It is a great pleasure indeed to me to take the Chair to-night and to have the honour of being President of the Fellowship during this Jubilee year. I am not quite sure what an expiring President should look like, but I am, ladies and gentlemen, about to expire. I can only say that if, by God's grace, when I come to that other deathbed, I could feel that my life had been half as rewarded and well-spent as this year of my Presidency of the Dickens Fellowship, then I should die more happy than most men have been privileged to die.

I have listened to-night to the eloquence of three extraordinary speakers. I don't want to detain you by attempting to vie with their eloquence, but I will add one word in hearty and complete endorsement of what Mr. Cruikshank had to say about our estimate of our hero, Charles Dickens, or indeed of any great writer, and that is, we should judge a writer by what he writes. It may be that, when any man comes to his own end, whether he is a success or a failure must be for him to decide, the verdict of his own private heart, but for those men of genius who have entertained and enriched the world with their writings, or with their poetry, with their music, with their paintings, or whatever it may be, the artists of the world, the verdict of posterity should be "Never mind about *his* life, but what he has done to mine."

I should like to conclude what I believe will be positively my last appearance before you as President by wishing the Fellowship the utmost success and enlargement and enrichment in the future, as I am sure it deserves, and I believe it will have, inspired of Charles Dickens, who is the inspiration of our corporate life in this Fellowship. May it flourish and may I say thank you very much indeed, all of you, for all you have done this year; and may I thank particularly my colleagues, the Executive Members of the Fellowship, for all they have done to make this for me a very happy and memorable year indeed.

* * * * *

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the services of Miss M. E. Brown in the preparation of this report.

The Editor regrets that owing to pressure of space further instalments of Mr. Malcolm Morley's history of Dickens's works on the stage, and "Shavings from Dickens's Workshop," are held over until the next number.

WHEN THE CHOLERA RAGED AT CHATHAM

A REMINISCENCE OF DICKENS'S YOUTH

By WILLIAM J. CARLTON

DR. JOHN BROWN, the author of *Rab and His Friends* and other engaging essays which earned for him the epithet of "the Scottish Charles Lamb," died at Edinburgh on May 11th, 1882, aged 72. Soon after his death an anecdote gained currency which has since been many times repeated, with some variation in the details. In a paper on "Rab's Friend" in the *Century Magazine* of December 1882, Andrew Lang wrote:

"When his studies were over, Dr. Brown practised for a year as assistant to a surgeon in Chatham. It must have been when he was at Chatham that a curious event occurred. Many years later, Charles Dickens was in Edinburgh, reading his stories in public, and was dining with some Edinburgh people when Dickens began to speak about the panic which the cholera had caused in England; how well some people had behaved. As a contrast, he mentioned that, at Chatham, one poor woman had died, deserted by every one except a young physician. Someone, however, ventured to open the door and found the woman dead, and the young doctor asleep, overcome with the fatigue that mastered him on his patient's death, but quite untouched by the general panic. 'Why, that was Dr. John Brown,' one of the guests observed; and it seems that, thus early in his career, the doctor had been setting an example of the courage and charity of his profession. After a year spent at Chatham, he returned to Edinburgh, where he spent the rest of his life."

Robert Langton, quoting from the *New York Tribune*, printed a slightly different version of this incident in his *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens* (1883):

"The late Dr. John Brown, when a young man, spent a year as an assistant-surgeon at Chatham, with which place Charles Dickens had so many associations. Many years after the doctor met the novelist for the first and only time, and, the conversation turning on nationalities, Dickens said that he had been cured of any cockney prejudice against Scotchmen which he might have had by the heroic conduct of a young Scotch surgeon, which he had witnessed at Chatham during the time of the cholera. Strange to say, this young surgeon was none other than the friend to whom he was telling the story."

Langton assures us that during the latter part of his time in the office of Edward Blackmore (1828) "Charles had a brief holiday and visited some old friends of his family residing at Luton,¹ near Chatham, and there is a sort of traditional recollection of this visit still remaining in the neighbourhood." He

¹ Luton, then a small hamlet some two miles south-east of Chatham, is now incorporated in the municipal borough and gives its name to one of the wards.

assumes that this was the occasion of the cholera outbreak and, by way of confirmation, quotes from a short sketch of the life of Dr. Brown by the Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, D.D., in *Good Words*, July 1882. In it the writer states that young Brown went to Chatham "when he was some eighteen years old." Mr. W. Forbes Gray, F.R.S.E., in *The Dickensian*, June 1935, adds that Dickens told the story at a private dinner party in Edinburgh.

The circumstances in which the novelist came to relate this reminiscence of his youth are explained more precisely in the biography of Dr. John Brown by his cousin, John Taylor Brown, published in 1903, as follows:

"On one of Mr. Charles Dickens's last visits to Scotland, John happened to meet him at the late Sheriff Gordon's. In the course of conversation, Dickens . . . said that the thing which had first given him a strongly favourable impression of the character of Scotsmen was what had occurred at Chatham in the year 1832, when the outbreak of cholera took place there. A great panic was immediately produced among the English medical men, and every one of them fled from the place, with the single exception of a young Scotsman, an assistant to one of the doctors, who stuck firmly to his duties and freely attended to every case he was called to. It then turned out that the young Scotsman was no other than the Dr. Brown who was sitting opposite to him at table, upon which Dickens immediately came round and shook him cordially by the hand."

A date is here assigned for the Chatham incident four years later than that mentioned by Langton, and the occasion when the story was told by Dickens is said to have been a visit to Sheriff Gordon. Dickens's host, John Thomson Gordon, was a son of John Gordon, M.D., a nephew of Lord Jeffrey and son-in-law of Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North"). Wilson, it will be remembered, presided at the dinner given in Dickens's honour at Edinburgh on June 25th, 1841, and it was Gordon who proposed the toast to the memory of Burns. Writing to Forster the next day, Dickens called him "a very masterly speaker indeed, who ought to become a distinguished man." Gordon's Whig sentiments doubtless commended themselves to the novelist, and thereafter the two men became fast friends. Gordon became Sheriff of Aberdeenshire in 1847, Sheriff of Midlothian in 1848, and eventually Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and High Sheriff of Edinburgh, thus amply justifying Dickens's forecast of his future eminence. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and was one of those present when Dickens spoke at the dinner of the United Law Clerks in 1849. Dickens gave a series of readings from his works in Edinburgh towards the end of November 1861 and, writing on the 27th from the Waterloo Hotel, told his biographer that he had dined on the previous day with Sheriff Gordon. This may well have been the dinner party at which he recalled the Chatham episode, for when he visited the Scottish capital again in 1866 the Sheriff was in his grave.

Fortunately, the date of the cholera epidemic in Chatham and of John Brown's stay there can be settled beyond cavil. No case

of cholera is known to have occurred in this country in 1828. In the autumn of 1831, however, the disease made its appearance in Sunderland and Newcastle, spreading to London in February 1832 and to other parts of England, Scotland and Ireland in the spring and summer of that year. In 1831-32 as many as 54,547 deaths from this cause were recorded in England alone. John Brown had begun to study medicine at Edinburgh University in 1827, becoming at the same time a pupil and apprentice of the celebrated James Syme, afterwards Professor of Clinical Surgery at the University, with whom he worked at Minto House Hospital for some years.

Early in 1831 John Brown, then a youth of twenty, left Edinburgh for Chatham, where he was to spend nearly two years as assistant to Dr. Richard Martin, a surgeon with a large practice in that town and its vicinity. The period covered by his stay in Chatham can be fixed definitely from letters written by him to his father and other members of his family,¹ letters which are of considerable value for the light they throw on his activities and on the conditions prevailing in the town at that time. The earliest of them is dated "Back Surgery, Feby. 4th, 1831." Some months later John wrote that there were 25 surgeons there, all well employed, adding that "the people have as ravenous an appetite and can do as little without medicine as without bacon or beer." His employer, Dr. Martin, he described as "a most incorrigible Annandale man" with a lively English wife. They were much attached to one another and their three children, a boy and two girls. The doctor had an extensive library of valuable medical works and his income was upwards of £1,200 a year.

Dr. Richard Martin, who became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1802, practised in Chatham for many years and died there in 1846. When John Brown became his assistant he was in his early fifties, his address being 296 High Street. After the fire of 1820 of which John Dickens wrote an account for *The Times*, he subscribed a guinea to the relief fund.

"At last," wrote young Brown to his brother William on February 27th, 1832, "we have had a case of cholera. We have had no other case, although it is now a week since it occurred." A month later the dread disease claimed another victim, however. A fine healthy fisherman of robust habit and strictly sober was taken at half-past one in the morning and died at eleven the same day. On June 19th a letter appeared in *The Times* from an anonymous correspondent at Chatham, stating that cholera had broken out about a week earlier on one of the convict ships lying near the dockyard and had since increased to an alarming extent. The writer urged that communication with the shore should be cut off at once and the ships sent into quarantine, this measure being all the more imperative because the convicts were allowed to work as usual both in the dockyard and ordnance, where they were in constant contact with other men.

A few days after this John told his brother that he had more anxiety and work than usual. "We have cholera raging on board one of the convict ships here. They have (they say) 90

¹ *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, ed. by his son and D. W. Forrest, D.D., 1907.

cases and about 30 deaths. Its appearance among them was entirely spontaneous, and is not to be wondered at. Above 900 sleep in one ship with their hammocks huddled together between decks; they have butcher meat only twice a week and bad bread, they work twelve hours at hard labour, and are all broken down by dissipation. Mr. Dods and I had one case in town last night; he died this forenoon, and I would not be surprised at our having a severe visitation of it."

The young doctor's fears were only too well founded, for on the following July 10th he wrote:

"We have had a most alarming visitation from cholera. In our own practice we have had upwards of 30 cases and 10 deaths, besides many more through the towns. The poor convicts are still dying, and several of the sergeants have dropped down at drill and died in a few hours. The people here have been very much alarmed, but they have all showed a fulness of confidence in us that is very pleasing. In fact, we two are the great cholera doctors, and ever and anon we are called in as most learned physicians. We have had for a week past most harrassing work, and although still able to hold on, the continual night work and the constant state of suspense we are kept in about the Drs. own particular patients has brought both of us down considerably . . . We are quite able for our work, and willing to hold on for a week or two longer."

This unimpeachable testimony from the pen of Dr. Brown himself goes far to prove the authenticity of the story said to have been recounted by Dickens at the dinner party given by Sheriff Gordon. It is confirmed by a passage in one of the addresses to working people printed in an appendix to John Brown's *Horae Subsecivae* (Edinburgh, 1882, vol. i, p. 15):

"I shall never forget a proof I myself got twenty years ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when the cholera first came here in 1832. I was in England at Chatham, which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This fell disease comes on generally in the night . . . and many a morning I was roused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims, for then is its hour and power. One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might: they had too many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place; it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore, at the landing-place. They were all shouting for the Doctor; the shrill cries of the women, and the deep voices of the men coming across the water to me. We were near the shore, when I saw a big old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head bald; he said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was, he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an

infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman who stood in his way.

"It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, little Joe; and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night. I never can forget that night, and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve suffering, and how much Old Joe was in earnest about having the Doctor."

Was Dickens in Chatham or its vicinity at any time between February 1832, when the first case of cholera occurred there, and the summer of 1833, when John Brown was back in Edinburgh to take his M.D. degree on July 12th? That is a question to which no answer is forthcoming at present. Unless we accept Robert Langton's statement that he visited some friends at Luton during a brief holiday, there seems to be no evidence that he returned to the scenes of his childhood until February 25th, 1837. On that day he proposed to leave Chalk for Chatham, accompanied by his young wife and Mary Hogarth (and perhaps by his friend Tom Beard), to "inspect the fortifications and order a snug little dinner at the Sun." He had an engagement to dine at the Marine Barracks the next day. At the end of June 1840, when he was joined at Broadstairs by Forster and Maclise "for the pleasure of posting back home by way of his favourite Chatham, Rochester, and Cobham, where we passed two agreeable days in revisiting well-remembered scenes." But little is known of Charles's activities in the early thirties save that he was gaining a precarious livelihood as a shorthand writer and in his intervals of leisure was reading at the British Museum, paying court to the capricious Maria Beadnell, and toying with the idea of going on the stage. Early in February 1832 he appears to have been living with his parents at 70 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, moving with them a few months later to 15 Fitzroy Street. He was in London in December, as we know that he was working on behalf of Charles Tennyson in the Lambeth election campaign.

It is clear that Dickens enjoyed a certain amount of leisure about this time, at any rate when parliament was not in session, and it is perhaps not wholly irrelevant to recall that, in the words of Walter Dexter, "there came a time, somewhere early in 1832, when the attentions of young Dickens to Maria Beadnell were frowned upon by her parents; he was forbidden the house, and what correspondence took place between them was clandestine."¹ Soon afterwards Maria was packed off to the finishing school of Mme. Martinez in Paris. "My existence was once entirely uprooted and my whole Being blighted by the Angel of my soul being sent there to finish her education!" he wrote long afterwards to Mrs. Winter.² What could be more natural than that the rejected suitor should seek solace for his lacerated feelings by leaving London for a time and taking a short holiday

¹ *The Love Romance of Charles Dickens*, with Introduction and Notes by Walter Dexter (1936), p. 52.

² *Ibid.*, p. 83.

in Chatham, of which he had so many memories and where he knew there would be old friends to welcome him?

On the many occasions in after years when Dickens felt called upon to protest vehemently against the conditions which gave rise to the terrible scourge of cholera—in articles in the *Examiner* and *Household Words*, in his speeches on sanitary reform, and in letters to some of his correspondents—the intensity of feeling with which he expressed himself may have been accentuated by the recollection of scenes he had himself witnessed in his youth.

DICKENS AND THE WELFARE STATE

THE annual Dickens Commemoration Service was held in the Southwark Cathedral on Sunday, February 8th. The address was given by a Birmingham Dickensian, the Rev. Arthur G. Jones, who said: The best memorial we can make of man's labours is to use them as the basis of the work that faces us in the future; and I believe that could not be more true of anyone than it is of Charles Dickens, a fact which is recognised by the Dickens Fellowship in its official aims. I would like this evening to consider Charles Dickens more particularly in relation to the great new situation that confronts the Church to-day, and that is the Welfare State. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the inauguration of the Welfare State is one of the two epoch-making events of our generation—the other being in the field of atomic science. And there seems to be evidence to support the view that the Church as a whole has not yet realised the crucial challenge and opportunity it offers.

The key to the future now lies in the hand of the common man. The whole of our national structure stands upon the foundation of national production; and that rests in turn upon the working classes. (I do not like that term, which may appear to patronise, but it does convey the meaning perhaps better than any other word.) So, whatever political party may be in power, the future of this country is going to lie in the hands of the working-class. Yet, of all sections of the community, that is the one on which the Church makes the least impression.

This is not the time to develop the question of ways and means, but the point I want to make here is that at this particular stage the working man has to be loved into the Christian community, before we can even begin to preach the Gospel to him. To love him does not mean oozing over him a mawkish sentimentality; any more than it means agreeing with everything he says or does. It means letting the love of Christ flow through us to him; and keep flowing until it eventually finds a response in the spark of the divine which is in every man—for that is what we mean when we talk about man being created in God's image.

The first stage in that process is to seek to understand the common man and it is just there that Charles Dickens comes to our aid. Let me get one thing clear right away. We are not trying to put Dickens before the Bible; that is God's supreme

revelation of His will for man. But we are not above accepting the help of anyone who can help to show us what that will mean in terms of practical conduct.

For instance, where could we find a better statement of the situation facing those who bring to Christ the people of our big industrial cities, than these words used by Dickens in speaking of the poor (and quoted by C    n G. T. Shettle in an essay on "Charles Dickens and the Church"):

"Give him and his a glimpse of heaven through a little of its light and air: give them water; help them to be clean; lighten the atmosphere in which their spirits flag, and which makes them the callous things they are; take the body of the dead relative from the room where the living live with it, and where such loathsome familiarity deprives death itself of awe; and then, but not before, they will be brought willingly to hear of Him whose thoughts were so much with the wretched, and who had compassion for all human sorrow."

Though poverty as Dickens knew it has gone, the slums are still with us. There are still many to whom these words would be applicable.

The philosophy of those words is worked out again and again in the novels. The number of the ordinary folk for whom Dickens pleads are legion. And plead he does, though not in formal speech. Rather does he steal into our hearts, and bring his characters with him—so introducing them that we just cannot help loving them. It is by interpreting these people—showing us what their lives are really like, and why they have become as they are—that he becomes their advocate. Perhaps, if we allowed him, he could even now do the same for the people I have been speaking about.

"It is significant," writes Mr. A. F. C. Bourdillon in a recent book on the Voluntary Social Services, "that perhaps some of the most disagreeable characters in Dickens are social workers." He refers specially to Mrs. Pardiggle of *Bleak House* as "the most efficient and most loathsome of social workers in Dickens." After referring to the ever-present problem of reconciling variety and spontaneity with efficiency and co-ordination, he writes:

"No one can tell beforehand how all the problems of the voluntary associations in the modern state will be solved in practice. What we have to do is to keep a firm hold on the principles which have inspired their development in the past, to think out as far as we can the general lines of development demanded by the new situation, and to remember with Dickens's Captain Bunsby 'the bearing of these observations lies in the application of them'."

The difficulty of being efficient without being loathsome! If that is true of the voluntary social services, how much more is it true of the bureaucrats who appear to be an inseparable part of the welfare state. And we can do very much worse than follow our Dickens as we seek to grasp the principles which have inspired our social services in the past. The keynote is love and humanity, over against the officialdom that he pillories.

One of his favourite themes was that mercy and charity (in its original meaning of love) were even more important than justice. In the *Carol* Dickens had worked this out in the conversion of the individual, Scrooge. In *The Chimes* he took it a stage further—the conversion of society.

Dickens was the arch-enemy of cant and humbug, as all Dickensians know—and nowhere more so than in the realms of religion. In a preface to *Pickwick Papers* he writes:

“Lest there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference . . . between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretence of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of Scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its letter and not its spirit in the commonest disquisitions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them understand that is is always the latter, and never the former, which is satirised here.”

Parson or layman—the Rev. Mr. Chadband with his “fat smile and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system”; or the two-faced Mr. Pecksniff—wherever pseudo-piety and hypocrisy raise their ugly heads, there is Dickens ready to expose and to challenge.

To-day we face a New Age—different in so many ways from the world that Dickens knew so well. Yet the problems are fundamentally the same, for they are problems of human relationships. Human nature has not changed much since his day.

Unfortunately we have no Charles Dickens with us to-day to bring his pen to bear upon the growing-pains of the Welfare State. But we have enshrined in his writings for all time the key to the solution of *all* problems of human relationship. That key is the love of our fellowmen. The love must flow in the first instance from our love of God, the Father of us all: but may our devotion to the one whose memory we serve this evening kindle our imagination, and send us out with a new longing to know and to serve our fellow-men.

That surely is the one memorial he would ask for.



DICKENS AND ELLEN TERNAN

A REVIEW BY GERALD G. GRUBB

Wake Forest College, N. Carolina.

FOR several years it has been hinted that facts were known and a book was in preparation that would banish all doubt that Ellen Ternan was Charles Dickens's mistress. Scholars everywhere had hoped that the book would be calm, objective, and definitive. Unfortunately, Professor Ada Nisbet's *Charles Dickens and Ellen Ternan*¹ is neither objective nor definitive. It may be admitted, however, that she has strengthened the ground for the *Ternan Assumption*.

Although the book extends to ninety pages, there is in it only enough new documentary evidence to justify an article of a few pages. As such, it would undoubtedly have formed a contribution to Dickens scholarship. One regrets the lack of perspective of this book, inflated with the gossip of the decades and the republication of easily-obtained documents. Furthermore, one is morally certain that Miss Nisbet's excellent scholarly judgment, so evident in other fields, would have prevailed if she had not lost her temper over the statements of two well-known Dickens scholars. She says: "These notes would probably have remained unpublished, except as they might have found a place in the larger study now in progress, if it had not been for the violence of certain attacks upon the reliability and integrity of those critics and scholars who have accepted the story of Dickens's liaison with Ellen Ternan as fact" (p. xiii). She says further, "I resent the nature and tone of the attacks. This volume is the result" (p. xiv). She then becomes specific and aims her book at Professor Edward Wagenknecht² of Boston University when she says: "Nor do Dickensians like Mr. Edward Wagenknecht gain anything when they greet each unwelcome discovery as a slander or brand the scholars and biographers who make these discoveries 'peeping toms,' 'ghouls,' and 'scandal mongers'" (pp. 4-5).

Miss Nisbet's second purpose is to chastise Mr. Hill. She says: "Mr. T. W. Hill³ an ardent Dickensian, has remarked that 'all that is required is reasonable substantiation of statements. Give us substantiation and the facts must be accepted at once.' Here, then, is the substantiation—in the incontrovertible hand of Dickens himself" (p. 7).

In her first chapter, "The Household Saint," Miss Nisbet pays unwilling tribute to the popularity of Dickens. It was intended to arouse indignation through ridicule, but succeeds only in the

¹ (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, \$2.75. Cambridge Univ. Press, 21s.)

² "Dickens and the Scandal mongers," *College English*, IX (April, 1950), 373-382. Unfortunately, Miss Nisbet allowed her temper to betray her into a misunderstanding of Professor Wagenknecht's purpose. His attack was not aimed at individuals, nor does he anywhere deny the possibility of a liaison; he, with great justification, criticises loose methods in biography and criticism, maintaining with courage that *assumption* should be tagged as ASSUMPTION. All that he said is still true in spite of Miss Nisbet's contribution of scattered bits of evidence that Dickens was in love with Ellen Ternan. To transfer present knowledge to the biographers and critics whom Professor Wagenknecht chided would be to endow them with the spirit of prophecy and to make Professor Wagenknecht the victim of retroactive law. Miss Nisbet has not cleared the writers she defends of his charges; for they could not have known when they wrote, regardless of what they know now, the little that she has published in her book. In addition to Professor Wagenknecht's plea for a distinction between fact and assumption, the sheer power of his article has jarred loose all the available evidence of Dickens's love for Ellen Ternan and has forced all parties to place their cards on the table face up. It has performed a wholesome service.

³ Quoted from *The Dickensian*, XLVI (1951), 77.

pronouncement of a Balaam-like blessing of the very Jacob it would condemn.

Chapter two, entitled "Ellen Ternan," begins with a rehash of all that is known and inferred about Ellen Ternan, her parents, and her sisters. Soon Miss Nisbet swings into a rehearsal of all the gossip she has gleaned over the years.

In her third chapter, "A Half Century of Rumour," Miss Nisbet makes only one contribution to scholarship, the demonstration of the possibility of Ellen being with Dickens in the Staplehurst railway wreck. Even then, it remained for Professor Edgar Johnson to uncover evidence that Ellen was present.¹

It is in her fourth chapter, entitled "Dickens Speaks," that Miss Nisbet has something to contribute to Dickens scholarship. It is here that her training and her labours give her the confidence to rise above her association with Dame Rumour. Here she allows her facts to speak for themselves. It is to be regretted that she did not shape this chapter for a suitable periodical, and there rest upon her oars.

In her last chapter, entitled "Decanonization," Miss Nisbet has enormously over-estimated her performance; and her "Appendix" is entirely superfluous: the documents reprinted therein are so well known and have been so often reprinted. It is in her "Notes" that one becomes conscious of Miss Nisbet's vast capacity for research and careful documentation, even though one does not always agree with her interpretations and her method of handling details.

When Miss Nisbet discusses Dickens's reason for publishing his "Personal" address in the *Times* and in *Household Words*, she introduces the well-known fact that the question of its publication was submitted to John Delane, editor of *The Times* (p. 14). Then in her notes (p. 80, n. 28) she purports to publish a letter to W. C. Macready, hitherto unpublished, which supports her statement; but without any warning to her reader, and in violation of all scholarly rules, she omits the entire middle portion of the letter in which Dickens says his "Personal" address was written in defence of Georgina Hogarth. It is true that she prints that central section elsewhere without identifying it as the omitted portion (p. 19). With a mere bibliographical allusion, she passes over Mr. K. J. Fielding's important article on Dickens's threatened lawsuit against Colin Rae Brown because of his alleged slanderous statements about Georgina and himself.²

In fact, one of the greatest weaknesses of Miss Nisbet's book is its failure to meet squarely this gossip about Dickens and Georgina. Her references to the Thackeray letters embrace only those in which Thackeray shows his utter confusion as to just whom the gossip is about. She refrains from all mention of the last letter Thackeray wrote to his mother about the separation.

¹ *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, II, 1020 and note 154, p. lxxxvi, in which is quoted a letter from Dickens to the Station Master at Charing Cross, referring to the loss in the Staplehurst wreck of "a gold seal engraved 'Ellen'". This reminds me that I must apologise to the readers of my "Jack Lindsay's 'Charles Dickens'", *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, V (March, 1951), 322, for saying, "... there is not a shred of evidence that connects Ellen Ternan with this railway wreck at Staplehurst." This illustrates the danger of dogmatic assumption, for the ink was hardly dry before Professor Edgar Johnson published his evidence that a lady named "Ellen" was there. The rest of my statement stands. It is hardly conceivable that Jack Lindsay knew anything about Professor Johnson's evidence.

² *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, VII (September, 1952), 103-110.

The weight of this letter can hardly be over-estimated. It must be remembered (1) that it came from the most competent witness outside of the immediate Dickens circle who ever spoke on the matter, (2) that it came from an avowed friend of Mrs. Dickens, and (3) that it was a confidential report addressed to Thackeray's own mother, with whom he was ever honest, and therefore, states his true opinion after personal investigation. He said: "Went to see Mrs. Dickens yesterday. The row appears to be [about] not the actress, but the sister in law—nothing against Miss H[ogarth]—except that she is the cleverer and better woman of the two, has got the affection of the children and the father."¹ Why did Miss Nisbet suppress this letter? It is the strongest confirmation we have of the truth of Dickens's statements about the children's love for Georgina. She avoids the fact that there was confusion for a long time as to which Ternan was the object of the gossip and that Georgina came in for a large share of it. There was no such unanimity of opinion as her book would lead one to believe. For example, Gail Hamilton, who certainly did not sympathise with Dickens, wrote in a contemporary article, "England is beating her obstinate head against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but here it is the living wife's sister superseding the living wife . . ."² The author also fails to notice that three of the earliest biographers of Dickens, who were more dependent upon hearsay than was Forster, either attribute the cause of friction in the Dickens home to Georgina or imply as much.³

One aspect of the case seems to have escaped Miss Nisbet and most of the Dickensians: *It was the plans for the separation that produced the gossip; the gossip did not produce the separation.* That being the case, the fact that the gossip began developing outside of the family while the transactions within were going forward, shows pretty conclusively that the first instigators of the gossip were members of the family. Apparently, these persons were Mrs. Hogarth and her daughter Helen. Who else but members of the family could have known about the plans for separation.

Throughout her book, Miss Nisbet shuts her eyes to all alternative, and sometimes even obvious, interpretations that oppose her thesis. Look again at Charley's letter to his father. In a letter of May 25th, 1858, Dickens said to John Leech, "Charley's living with his mother to take care of her, is *my* idea—not his." Then he gives Leech a copy of Charley's letter, dated May 10th, 1858.⁴ Now Dickens would have been a fool to have lied to Leech under these circumstances, for the latter was in position to check on the facts very easily. Of this letter Miss Nisbet says, ". . . but the letter from Charley seems to imply that he himself made the decision—probably in the face of Dickens's disapproval" (p. 78, n. 22).

Now that we are speaking of Charley, has Miss Nisbet or anyone else noticed how reluctant he was to carry out his agreement to live with his mother? His promise was given on May 10th, and

¹ Gordon N. Ray, ed., *The Letters of Thackeray*, IV, 131.

² *The Dickensian*, XXXII (1936), 142-143.

³ See R. Shelton Mackenzie, *Life of Charles Dickens* (Philadelphia, 1870), pp. 250-251; F. B. Perkins, *Charles Dickens* (New York, 1870), p. 115; and John Camden Hotten, *Charles Dickens*, 2nd edn. (London, 1870), p. 244.

⁴ *Nonesuch Letters*, III, 25 and note.

according to the dating of some of her unpublished letters, she left Tavistock House after May 19th, yet Charley did not take up his residence with her until July 14th—a lapse of more than two months after his deciding to do so.¹ In fact, he never did much living with her. Within eighteen months he went to Hong Kong for a year. In November, 1861, he was married. After Dickens's death and Charley's purchase of Gad's Hill, Mrs. Dickens visited him occasionally, but she never did take up her residence with him.

There is somewhere a missing link in our knowledge of the events and their causes. Somehow we have missed the common denominator that will reconcile the tone and statements of his letters of 1858 and thereabouts with the well-established veracity of his letters of other periods and on other subjects than separation. It may be that Thomas Wright was correct when he suggested that the liaison between Dickens and Ellen, if true, did not occur until years after his passionate defence of himself and one or more young women. All the real evidence I have found and that others have published pointing towards the reality of a liaison dates from 1865 and later. I believe that an intense analysis of this suggestion might reconcile all that he wrote his friends with all that has been discovered in recent years. When we reach Miss Nisbet's contribution to the history of Dickens's attachment to Ellen, we will see that all of her evidence that suggests more than friendship is of a late date.

Miss Nisbet does not take into account the gradual development of friction in the Dickens home. She throws too much weight on the Ternans. There is abundant evidence in Dickens's letters to intimates whom he could not have hoodwinked, and to Mrs. Dickens herself, that there was serious incompatibility in temperament. They began quarrelling before they were married. They had serious disagreements over several of Dickens's friends—men and women. There was an ever-growing dissatisfaction on Dickens's part with the Hogarths, other than Georgina. By April 27th, 1856, about a year before Dickens met Ellen Ternan, he wrote Wills from Paris: "The Hogarth family don't leave Tavistock House till Saturday and I cannot in the meantime bear contemplation of their imbecility any more. (I think my constitution is already undermined by the sight of Hogarth at breakfast.)" His letter to Mark Lemon on the same date contains an interesting variation in his reference to the Hogarths: "... I cannot bear the contemplation of that family at breakfast any more."² This is too significant to be overlooked by anyone who wants to understand what was happening in the Dickens home. Mrs. Dickens was not always at fault, neither was Dickens. Certainly, the truth is not served by an all-out sponsorship of either party at this stage of our imperfect knowledge. It is my considered opinion that the Dickenses were treading upon a powder-keg before the events of 1857-1858.

With a general relationship that was growing more unsatisfactory from year to year, it was inevitable that a break would come sooner or later. The marvel is that it did not come earlier.

¹ *Mr. and Mrs. Dickens*, p. 281.

² *Nonesuch Letters*, II, 764-765.

Another distressing element in Miss Nisbet's method is her unqualified acceptance of the testimony of Wright and Miss Storey. Even when one accepts the personal honesty of these witnesses *as to what they heard*, there are so many errors in their presentation of their material that an investigator has to proceed with caution when using them as authorities. Miss Nisbet ignores the general inaccuracies of Wright, the fact that his work has been shown to abound in errors that he could have corrected, and she even introduces the "Stark letter" as evidence that Dickens compelled the Hogarths to sign a statement of retraction. She dismisses Walter Dexter's positive exposure of the fraudulent nature of the "Stark letter" with a mere bibliographical reference to his statements in *The Dickensian*. Of course, the general reader of Miss Nisbet's book would have no way of knowing how completely Dexter exposed it through its anachronisms, its bogus address, its mishandling of crucial dates, and its unidentified addressee, "Mrs. Stark."¹

This is not exhaustive, but it is enough to show the method and the bias of the author of *Charles Dickens and Ellen Ternan* and the type of testimony she accepts.

Now, briefly, I shall endeavour to isolate the new evidence that Miss Nisbet offers. Almost everything new she presents was obtained by the reading of cancelled passages, with the aid of infra-red photography, in documents now in the Berg Collection of New York Public Library, the Henry E. Huntington Library, and the Pierpont Morgan Library.

The earliest bit of new evidence which may point to the beginning of Dickens's affection for Ellen comes in two strangely unsatisfactory transcripts of letters which Miss Nisbet says were written in September, 1857, but which have been suppressed by all editors. Dickens wrote Wills:

"But Lord bless you the strongest parts of your present correspondent's heart are made up of weaknesses, and he just come [*sic*] to be here at all (if you knew it) along of his Richard Wardour! Guess *that* riddle, Mr. Wills!"

Two days later Dickens wrote:

"I am going to take the little—riddle—into the country this morning; and I answer your letter briefly, before starting . . . So let the riddle and the riddler go their own wild ways, and no harm come of it" (p. 57).

Miss Nisbet, following Professor Rolfe, reads too much into Dickens's letter to Wills of October 25th, 1858, when she says, ". . . Dickens sent Frances Ternan and her mother to Florence at his own expense and the two younger girls were left in new lodgings, which it is strongly hinted Dickens himself arranged

¹ Writing of Kate's marriage to Collins, Miss Storey comments on Kate's regret at the absence of her mother, but it surely would not have been impossible for bride and bridegroom to visit Mrs. Dickens before leaving on their wedding tour, but according to Miss Storey they did not do so. Yet, again on Miss Storey's authority, Mrs. Dickens was also absent from Kate's second wedding, in 1874, to C. E. Perugini. Of that ceremony Miss Storey writes, "Mrs. Dickens wrote Plorn that she was not present . . . as Kitty had explained to her that if she were there Mr. Perugini's parents must also be invited, and she wished the ceremony to be strictly private. Mrs. Dickens quite understood this". (*Dickens and Daughter*, pp. 106 and 158.) Yet Georgina Hogarth was there! So were Mamie, Ferster, and Millais. Where was Kitty's tender solicitude for her supposedly misused mother on this occasion? Neither the voice nor the will of Charles Dickens selected the guests for that wedding. Kitty herself planned it and gave her mother no part in it! Why? Was it because Dickens spoke the literal truth when he said that there was little or no love between Mrs. Dickens and her children?

for . . ." (p. 50). This is a monstrous assumption. Dickens does not say or imply that he had sent Mrs. Ternan to Italy, nor does he say or imply that he had arranged for their new home. He simply says, (1) ". . . I sent the elder sister to Italy to complete a musical education," and (2) ". . . Mrs. Ternan is gone with her to see her comfortably established at Florence." No such sinister implication can fairly be read into his statement. Frances Ternan was not the only girl outside his family whom he educated. We know of half a dozen or more.

On July 1st, 1858, Dickens asked Wills to send corrected proofs of some of his current work to "Miss Ellen Ternan." In the following year, Miss Nisbet says, Dickens wrote to his manager Albert Smith, that he had refused the offer of a reading tour in America, "for a private reason, rendering a long voyage to America and absence particularly painful to him" (p. 54). This may mark the breakdown in August, 1859, of the Dickens-Thomas Coke Evans negotiations for an American tour.¹

Miss Nisbet's new evidence jumps from 1859 to the days immediately following the Staplehurst accident of June 9th, 1865. By use of long-known letters she has shown the possibility of Ellen's presence in that wreck and that she suffered either from injury or shock. It was about that time that Dickens several times informed Wills of the progress of the "Patient." The next bit of evidence carries the reader forward almost two years to June 6th, 1867, when Dickens wrote to Wills on stationery bearing the monogram "E.T." and saying that the "Patient" was the "gigantic difficulty" in the way of his going to America.

Late in October, 1867, when Dickens was about to depart for America, he drew up a series of memoranda for the guidance of Wills. One paragraph of his instructions has been blotted out with black ink. The document is now in the Berg Collection of The New York Public Library. In 1943, Dr. John D. Gordan, Curator of the Collection, published a transcription of that suppressed passage which he obtained through the use of infra-red photography.² Miss Nisbet publishes her reading of the passage (p. 53). Her improvement over Dr. Gordan's transcript is very slight and gives us little, if any, additional information. The significant points therein are: (1) if Nelly needs help, she will call upon Wills; (2) if she changes her address, Wills must let Dickens know immediately; (3) her address, twice written for clarity, is "Villa Trollope, a Ricorboli Firenze, Italy"; (4) after his arrival in America, he will send a short telegram to the office of *All the Year Round*; (5) Wills must copy its exact words, "as they will have a special meaning for her," and must send them to her immediately; and (6) Wills must let Gad's Hill and Forster know "what the telegram is" (p. 53). A further entry in the list of memoranda tells Wills that Forster has Dickens's power of attorney and that he "knows Nelly as you do, and will do anything for her if you want anything done" (p. 53).

¹ See my "Personal and Business Relations of Charles Dickens and Thomas Coke Evans," *The Dickensian*, XLVIII, 1952, 106-113.

² "The Secret of Dickens's Memoranda," *Bookmen's Holiday: Notes and Studies Gathered in Tribute to Harry Miller Lyndenberg*, edited by Deoch Fuller (New York: The New York Public Library, 1943), pp. 188-195. B.M. press mark: 11916.a.11. Listed under "New York Public Library".

It is then that Miss Nisbet relates the manner in which she discovered the code which is supposed to be the key to the secret message that Dickens sent to Ellen by way of Wills on his telegram of November 22nd, 1867. Miss Nisbet first noticed this code, and Dr. Gordan called my attention to it in the summer of 1949. After the publication of his *Dickens and the Scandal-mongers*, I discussed it in correspondence with Professor Edward Wagenknecht. In the summer of 1950, I discussed it with Mr. Leslie C. Staples, Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, and, I think, with Mr. K. J. Fielding. I would have long ago applied for permission to publish it but for two reasons: first, I felt that Miss Nisbet, the finder, had the first rights to publication; and second, I did not fully understand its meaning, nor, I believe, does she.

Miss Nisbet is a little misleading when she says that the code is "... hidden away in some blank pages in the back ..." of Dickens's pocket diary for 1867. It is not hidden away, but occurs precisely opposite the dates on which it was to be used; that is, between November 23rd and 30th. Miss Nisbet's transcription of it is not quite accurate, but her slight variation does not affect the meaning. Roughly, if Dickens's telegram reads "all well" it means "You come"; if the telegram reads "safe and well" it means "You don't come." When Dickens's telegram arrived in London it read "Safe and well" ... Now as convincing as this seems to be, it really means nothing until we answer the all-important question: You come where? You don't come where? There is not a word in all of this that answers that question. Miss Nisbet *assumes* that it means that Ellen Ternan was to come, or not to come, to America; but did it mean that? According to Dickens's instruction to Wills, Ellen was in Italy. Conditions in England may or may not have been good for her in Dickens's absence. He may have been expecting a change of conditions that would determine in his mind the advisability of Ellen's return to England; therefore, the use of the code could have signified that she was to "come" or not to come to London. There is evidence in the very diary that Miss Nisbet uses which indicates that such was very probably Dickens's intentions for Ellen. But more of that below.

From cancelled passages in letters to Wills, now in the Huntington Library, Miss Nisbet has recovered, by use of infra-red photography, twelve references to Nelly. Most of them are of little significance in themselves, and all are dated 1867 or 1868, from America. There are references to "my dear girl," and "my darling," and he tells Wills that his "spirits flutter" toward a place in which Wills dined with himself and "a third (most drearily missed) person" not long before he left England. He would give "£3,000 down (and think it cheap)" to be forwarded himself for twenty-four hours, in place of his letter. And again, he would "joyfully give a Thousand Guineas" to see her as Wills would do. There are two further references during the last three years of Dickens's life, in which the "Patient" sends "remembrances" and like messages to Wills and his wife. This is a brief summary of Miss Nisbet's new evidence that Ellen Ternan was the mistress of Charles Dickens.

Before expressing a final opinion on Miss Nisbet's book and her evidence, it will be necessary to say a few words about the pivot upon which her interpretation turns—the code and other references to Nell in Dickens's diary for 1867. To begin with, she evidently made a very hasty examination of the diary. She is entirely wrong when she characterises it as "... containing only the most inconsequential single-line daily entries . . ." (p. 54). If Miss Nisbet had looked closely, she would have found at least twenty entries in that diary concerning Ellen.¹ Generally, she is referred to as "N" or "(N)," thrice she is mentioned by her initials and once as "Ellen." Furthermore, there are numerous references to visits to a place which Dickens regularly designates as "P," a few times as "P (tem.)," and once as "Peckm." There is little room left for doubt that "P" stands for Ellen's home in Peckham.² Some time later I hope to secure permission to publish all the references that have been identified. At present my purpose is to orient my readers to the signification of the symbol "N" as it occurs in Dickens's diary. With this identification in mind, let us return to the code and record a series of events and entries in Dickens's diary that makes it extremely doubtful that Miss Nisbet, I, or anyone else understand the meaning of the code.

It has been entirely overlooked that on December 4th, 1867, Dickens sent a second telegram to Wills which contained the first element of the code. The text of this second telegram was published by R. C. Lehmann and by Walter Dexter.³ It stands thus: "Tremendous success great enthusiasm *all well*" [*italics mine*]. Now add to this shocking observation the three last entries Dickens made in his diary about Ellen. On the left-hand page opposite the "tide calendar" for December, Dickens makes the following series of entries:

" Read N. York			9 "
" Do			10 "
" If R.N in London			10 "
" If R.N in Liverpool			11 "
" Read N. York			12 "
" Do			13 "
" S—— ⁴ for N York			14 "

This telegram and these entries completely reverse the meaning of Dickens's first telegram on November 22nd. Look at the code again: "all well means *You come*." Why did Dickens suddenly, after communications had been established, and when there was nothing extraordinary happening, out of a blue sky so to speak, send this second telegram? Does it mean that he changed his mind about the time he began reading in New York and directed Ellen to come to America after all? Or, more probable, had conditions changed in England so much that he now desired Ellen to return there? Did he expect her to reach London on

¹ I wish to thank the authorities of the New York Public Library for granting me the use of a microfilm reproduction of Dickens's diary which is preserved in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection and for permission to refer to it and quote from it.

² I am indebted to Dr. John D. Gordan, Curator of the Berg Collection, for calling my attention to the abbreviation "Peckm" (3.27.67) and for the suggestion that "P" stands for Peckham, and that "P(tem.);" stands for Ellen's temporary home in Peckham; for careful collation of my transcripts with the original; and for help in arriving at several difficult readings.

³ *Nonesuch Letters*, III, 579.

⁴ Illegible word beginning with "S."

December 10th, then Liverpool on December 11th, and to take ship for New York on December 14th? Frankly, I must confess that I do not know the meaning of this code nor the use Dickens and Ellen Ternan made of it; neither does Miss Nisbet.

In conclusion, the total picture of Dickens in Miss Nisbet's book is wrong, even though she highlights a detail. She makes an effort to substitute the detail for the whole composition. One might as well magnify a blemish on an otherwise comely countenance and hold it up as a true image of the person. On the positive side, she has brought together a body of minutiae which proves that Dickens was in love with Ellen Ternan, and strengthens the grounds for *assuming* that she was his mistress. Her failure to prove her thesis should convince anyone that we must have much more objective study of known documents and search for fresh evidence before we can know the truth. Her book shows that there is a crying need for all Dickens scholars calmly to pool their knowledge; for the truth probably lies somewhere between the hero worshippers and the debunkers.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

RAYS AND REVELATIONS

SIR,

Earl Jowitt's extremely interesting if slightly controversial articles in *The Sunday Times* would seem, I humbly submit, to contain an element of surmise more suitable in a speech for a jury's guidance than a judgment. Earl Jowitt is, we know, an ardent Dickensian as well as a distinguished jurist; so, rightly or wrongly, a remarkable degree of self-abnegation is suggested when he writes that "Possibly the 'Dickensians' would reply that they prefer to base conclusions on evidence rather than on rumour." We may be weakening—but perhaps we do!

It is a fact that this controversy has become so bogged in a morass of surmise that it seems almost impertinent to point to a piece of real evidence. But with all due respect to the "conclusions" anyone may draw, I suggest that such inferences cannot decently stand before the plain statement most fortunately obtained by the late J. W. T. Ley and published in *The Dickensian*, vol. xxxiii, p. 51:—

"But there live yet" [i.e., in December 1936] "the two sisters of one who was Ellen's devoted servant and companion for some years before her marriage, her friend afterwards and her children's nurse. And this is what they said to Ellen's daughter: 'Our sister more than once said to us: Tell—if she ever asks, that I never mentioned the matter to her because it could only cause her pain, but that if she had ever asked me I should have been able to say solemnly that her dear mother never was the mistress of Charles Dickens'."

Surely this rings true? What a contrast to the putty sound of the surmises of Messrs. Thomas Wright of Olney and Thomas Wrong of Anywhere Else!

Yours faithfully,

FRANK A. GIBSON

DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS: A REPLY

By K. J. FIELDING

IN a sense no one can deny that anybody who is either a member of the Dickens Fellowship or who enjoys the novels is a "Dickensian," but it seems time that a moderate protest should be made against its use as a term of mild abuse for an imaginary party led by John Forster, Percy Fitzgerald and J. W. T. Ley. Though sometimes doubted, it is possible both to be a "Dickensian" and to keep one's independence of judgment. Mr. Robert Ashley's recent article¹ is extremely valuable for his attack on Fitzgerald, whose reliability is still too frequently taken for granted, and almost all that he has to say of Wilkie Collins is of great importance. Yet one must object, first, to the assumption that Fitzgerald is entirely typical, and, secondly, that although Mr. Ashley has abundantly demonstrated his inaccuracy he has still to prove that Collins influenced any of Dickens's major novels with the possible exception of *Edwin Drood*. Certainly they collaborated on some of their plays and Christmas stories, but what slight evidence there is seems to show that Dickens was always the dominant partner. Better proof is needed than the haphazard opinion of Mr. T. S. Eliot or even the considered judgment of Mr. Hesketh Pearson.

T. S. Eliot, indeed, is so reverently referred to by both Mr. Kenneth Robinson² and Mr. Ashley that his essay on Dickens and Collins deserves to be reconsidered; for it certainly appears to be as a result of his authority that their mutual influence is so often assumed. But, with every respect to Mr. Eliot, on re-examining his brief study it is difficult to unravel exactly what he intended to say. He begins with the characteristically general remark that, "To anyone who knows the bare facts of Dickens's acquaintance with Collins . . . their relationship is an important subject of study" (p. 461).³ Yet he goes on to discuss such an important subject without the slightest specific reference to the kind of influence he means or precisely where he thinks it occurred. One gathers that he supposes it significant that the fiction they both wrote was "melodramatic" and that they each relied on coincidence, but what the relation or influence was is hardly even mentioned. His general conclusion is tentatively propounded, somewhere about the middle of the essay, in a passage of such masterly vagueness that it must be quoted:

Dickens and Collins . . . each had qualities which the other lacked, and they had certain qualities in common. It is perfectly reasonable to believe that the relations of the two men—of which Forster gives only the barest and most unsatisfactory hints—affected profoundly the later work of each. We seem to find traces of it in *Little Dorrit* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. Collins could never have invented Durdles and Deputy;

¹ "Wilkie Collins and The Dickensians," *Dickensian*, March 1953, XLIX, 59-64. Some of the following general references are also to Mr. Ashley's *Wilkie Collins*, London, 1952.

² Kenneth Robinson, *Wilkie Collins, A Biography*, 1951: his work and Mr. Ashley's are entirely independent, although they agree in many of their conclusions.

³ T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays*, 3rd edn., 1951, first published as "Wilkie Collins and Dickens," *Times Literary Supplement*, 4th August, 1927.

but Durdle and Deputy were obviously to play their part in a whole, *bien charpenté* as Collins's work is, and as the work of Dickens prior to *Bleak House* is not (p. 466).

Mr. Eliot's critical hints are almost as bare and unsatisfactory as Forster's references to Collins, but even as they stand it is impossible for anyone genuinely concerned about the relations between the two novelists to accept them for a moment. If he really thinks that *Antonina* (1850), *Rambles Beyond Railways* (1851) and *Basil* (1852) influenced *Bleak House* (1852-3), or that the author of *Little Dorrit* (1855-7) learnt anything from *Hide and Seek* (1854) the rest of his remarks are hardly to be taken seriously.

At the same time it certainly remains true that the question of Collins's influence is an important one which deserves to be carefully considered; and although it is impossible to discuss it fully here, there are a number of points which may at least be raised. It is out of the question that *Bleak House* or *Little Dorrit* can have been affected by Collins's advice or example, but in suggesting that Dickens may have been emulating his constructive skill in *A Tale of Two Cities* Mr. Ashley raises a much more significant problem. A great deal is known about the relations between Dickens and Collins apart from the bare unsatisfactory facts provided by Forster, and in the absence of all external evidence that Dickens consulted him or accepted his unsolicited advice, one must ask what reason is there for thinking that *A Tale of Two Cities* was in any sense "influenced" by the younger novelist.¹

Kenneth Robinson even goes so far as to say (pp. 108-9) that "it is clear from their correspondence that Wilkie was more than once consulted during the writing of" the novel; but unless he was referring to unpublished letters (to which no reference is given) it is impossible to see what he means. Only one published letter from Dickens to Collins referring to *A Tale of Two Cities* is known, it seems to have been written only after the work had been completed,² it implies that Collins had not expressed any opinion about it before, and it is somewhat surprising that neither of Collins's recent biographers should have referred to it more directly when the general tenor of its remarks is so important in helping to define the literary relations of the two writers. Collins had evidently received a set of proofs for the remainder of the novel, and had replied with congratulations and certain suggestions

¹ No doubt Mr. Ashley is right in repeating that the idea for the story first came to Dickens when he was acting in *The Frozen Deep*, and also that he unquestionably owed something to a tale Collins contributed to *Household Words* called "Sister Rose." These certainly helped to suggest theme and setting; but they still afford no grounds for thinking that Collins "influenced" their method of treatment in the novel.

² It is difficult to be certain exactly when the novel was completed. The letter to Collins was written on October 6th, and the work must have been finished before Dickens started on a provincial Reading Tour on the 10th. (Setting up proofs for *All The Year Round* took no more than a day or two.) On the other hand, when Dickens sent F. J. Regnier the completed proofs on October 15th, he impressed on him that "Nobody but Forster has yet seen the latter portions of it, or will see them until they are published." This was obviously an exaggeration, however, since Wills, as sub-editor, was bound to read them; and, in fact, on sending a completed set to a Gad's Hill neighbour, Mrs. Hulkes, next day, Dickens told her, "Here is the remainder of the *Tale of Two Cities*. Not half-a-dozen of my oldest and most trusty literary friends have seen it." It is probable, therefore, that Collins's letter was written immediately after reading the completed work, although it is barely possible that he may not have seen the last few weekly parts. As a friend of Dickens, and one of the staff of *All the Year Round*, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that he was shown the finished story before the end of its serial publication.

about how he thought the construction of the story might have been improved. Dickens answered immediately:

I do not positively say that the point you put might not have been done in your manner; but I have a very strong conviction that it would have been overdone in that manner—too elaborately trapped, baited, and prepared—in the main anticipated, and its interest wasted. This is quite apart from the peculiarity of the Doctor's character [*Dr. Manette*], as affected by his imprisonment; which of itself would, to my thinking, render it quite out of the question to put the reader inside of him before the proper time, in respect of matters that were dim to himself through being, in a diseased way, morbidly shunned by him. I think the business of art is to lay all that ground carefully, but with the care that conceals itself—to show, by a backward light, what everything has been working to—but only to *suggest* until the fulfilment comes. These are the ways of Providence, of which ways all art is but a little imitation.

"Could it have been done at all, in the way I suggest, to advantage?" is your question. I don't see the way, and I never have seen the way, is my answer. I cannot imagine it that way, without imagining the reader wearied and the expectation Wire-drawn.

I am very glad you like it so much. It has greatly moved and excited me in the doing, and Heaven knows I have done my best and believed in it.¹

[6 October, 1859]

Collins's letter is, unfortunately, not extant, so that except for the phrase that Dickens quotes it is impossible to be certain exactly what provoked him to his reply. It would hardly be going too far, however, to call it a definite snub. The tone of the answer is decidedly not that of an author who has asked for some friendly advice, but rather of someone who has no intention of tamely accepting unsolicited instruction from a junior colleague. He refers to the alternative way of telling the story which Collins suggested as "your manner," makes it clear that he thinks it would be over-elaborate, unnatural and inartistic, and strongly suggests that it would even be tiresome and forced. The last paragraph also plainly implies that the work had been unalterably finished.²

The letter is all the more significant because it shows how Collins himself must have chosen to comment on the main feature in the construction of the novel which brings out the *difference* between them. Until *The Woman in White* (1860) and *The Moonstone* (1867) Collins's "manner" was not to conceal the climax of the

¹ Corrected from the microfilm of the MS. in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, by kind permission: "but with the care," in all editions of Dickens's letters has previously read "not with" etc.

² The curious idea that this letter shows that Dickens consulted Collins while the work was in progress is also repeated in an otherwise useful article by Henry J. W. Millay, "Wilkie Collins and 'A Tale of Two Cities,'" *Modern Language Review*, 1939, XXXIV, p. 525 ff. His actual words are: "It is not surprising . . . to find, in a letter dated 6 October 1859, that during the writing of *A Tale of Two Cities* Dickens was receiving advice from Collins on its construction, and that he was not yet prepared to adopt wholesale all the intricacies of plot and elaboration of detail which were part of the Collins technique." He then goes on to quote no more than the first sentence. It is difficult to avoid the impression that, with the best of intentions, Messrs. Millay, Ashley & Robinson are determined to "sell" Collins to the reader, even at the cost of preventing him from having the means to exercise his own judgment.

story but to lead up to it, exercising all his skill to create an overpowering sense of suspense in which the "fulfilment" appeared inevitable. This was not only apparent in *The Dead Secret* and *Hide and Seek*, but was deliberately revived in *No Name* (1862) and brought to a height with *Armadale* (1866). Dickens was all for surprise and mystery, while Collins's purpose chose to rely on narrative power and greater constructive subtlety. It is evident that they both believed that this was a real difference between them. Dickens wrote again of Collins's "habit of thought and manner," in criticising *The Woman in White*, which he thought showed too much effort in "forcing . . . points" on the reader. He expressed his opinion to Wills that the construction of *The Moonstone* was "wearisome beyond endurance"; when they collaborated on *The Frozen Deep* he was anxious that Collins should not leave an anti-climax by revealing that one of the chief characters was "rescued and alive," before the final act; and, once more, on the subject of forestalling the reader's interest, he advised him that if *No Name* "were mine" he would "decidedly not put into it the anticipation contained in the last line or two of Norah's postscript. But that is a moot point in art." Collins, on the other hand, countered by explaining his intentions in prefaces, to which he knew Dickens objected "on the ground that a book (of all things) should speak . . . for itself." In one written for the *Dead Secret*, in January 1861, he took up the question directly, saying: "It may not be out of place, here, to notice a critical objection which was raised, in certain quarters, against the construction of the narrative. I was blamed for allowing the 'Secret' to glimmer on the reader at an early period of the story, instead of keeping it in total darkness till the end. If this was a mistake (which I venture to doubt) I committed it with both eyes open. After careful consideration . . . I thought it most desirable to let the effect of the story depend on expectation rather than surprise." And again, in the preface to *No Name* (November 1862), he wrote: "The only Secret contained in this book, is revealed midway in the first volume. From that point, all the main events of the story are purposely foreshadowed, before they take place—my present design being to rouse the reader's interest in following the train of circumstances by which these foreseen events are brought about."

Without suggesting, therefore, that the "critical objector" Collins had in mind was Dickens, it is abundantly evident that the subject of their exchange on the conclusion of *A Tale of Two Cities* was one they had discussed before and about which they profoundly disagreed. There is no reason for thinking that Dickens consulted Collins about it, or ever turned to him for his opinion about any of his major works; unquestionable evidence that he continued to give Collins his advice even when he was writing *Armadale* for a rival editor; and every reason to think that both of them were obstinately independent in their manner.

The sole ground for the belief that Collins may have influenced Dickens lies in the obvious change which took place in the fashion in which he planned his later works. But T. S. Eliot has already given away that this was evident in *Bleak House*, and he might

well have gone back as early as *Dombey and Son* (1846-8) for the first signs that Dickens was trying to change his style. As he was working over the first few numbers of *Dombey* in Switzerland, he told Mrs. Watson that he no longer cared for his first great novel, while just before the publication of *David Copperfield* he wrote somewhat sadly to Dudley Costello, "The world would not take another Pickwick from me now." The part-plans with the manuscripts of the novels (from *Dombey and Son*) abundantly show how long before he had even met Wilkie Collins, Dickens had set himself to master the problem of improving the construction of the twenty-part novel. *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend* merely demonstrate how, in spite of all his efforts, he never discovered the answer. A successfully-constructed novel always eluded him until he began writing for weekly serialisation instead of monthly numbers; and although no doubt not the only reason, it was unquestionably the different form of publication which was mainly responsible for the difference between *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations* and the novels which appeared by the month: this, and the wider influence of many writers other than Collins, including Mrs. Gaskell, Thackeray, Lytton, and possibly Charlotte Brontë. From first to last there is no reason to think that Dickens owed anything in his development as a novelist to Wilkie Collins.

Dickens's personal relations with Collins are much less important, but even these may have been exaggerated. Dickens enjoyed his company on the *Lazy Tour* and in Paris, but he was not always "the ideal partner . . . for trips to the Continent." On their holiday in Italy, for example, although he found Collins "the best of companions" with whom he never had a "difference," in his letters to his wife Dickens specifically complained that he was dirtily dressed, inclined to be mean, tedious about Art and a maddeningly irritating whistler. Occasionally Collins would expound "a code of morals taken from modern French novels," which Dickens would "instantly and with becoming gravity smash" (November 21st, 1853). They became even closer friends later, but except that Forster was in no shape or mood to go jaunting about the Continent, it is extremely rash to conclude that he was "supplanted" by Collins as "Dickens's most intimate friend."

In 1868 there was even a sharp coolness between them, when Dickens made his remark on *The Moonstone* that it was "wearisome" and showed "a vein of obstinate conceit"; and Kenneth Robinson seems to have been the first to suggest that this may have been the result of a personal disagreement. Yet in his biography Mr. Ashley gave the positive assurance—not repeated in his article—that "any assumption that there was an estrangement . . . is unwarranted" (p. 79). On the basis of an entry in Mrs. James T. Fields's MS. diary, however, it has since been shown that such an assumption was completely justified, and that it was probably due to Dickens's ill-concealed dislike for Charles Collins who had married his daughter Kate.¹ Mrs. Fields heard

¹ Arthur A. Adrian, "A Note on the Dickens-Collins Friendship," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, February 1953, XVI, 211-3.

about it from Charles Fechter, and, as quoted by Arthur A. Adrian, noted in her diary that, "Dickens took a strange dislike to him during the last year or two of his life . . . His mind was so bent upon the necessity of Charles Collins's death that Fechter says even at table he has seen him look at him as much as to say 'astonishing you should be here to-day, but to-morrow you will be in your chamber never to come out again.'" Yet after Dickens's death, so Fechter told Mrs. Fields, he found Charles Collins "utterly overwhelmed with grief" for his father-in-law, and "Wilkie Collins too, who had been seriously estranged from Dickens because of his treatment of Charles, for the two brothers are deeply attached, he found a genuine mourner." There seems no reason to doubt that Fechter's report was perfectly sound.

Finally, perhaps, something should be said about John Forster, although this is also a subject which needs to be treated much more fully. Once again, in setting himself up as Collins's champion, Mr. Ashley ignores almost everyone else and narrows his attack far too exclusively. He complains that Forster "slighted" Collins, and "achieved a mean kind of revenge" by mentioning him "no oftener than was necessary" in his *Life of Dickens* (*Wilkie Collins*, 1952, p. 41). Yet, if anything, an examination of the biography shows that Forster gave Collins preferential treatment: W. H. Wills is mentioned twice by name, Thomas Beard four or five times, Miss Burdett Coutts about eleven, while his references to Collins exceed all these put together. No doubt these are all excessively "bare and unsatisfactory," but Collins was treated no worse than anyone else. In attacking Percy Fitzgerald for his irritating gossip and petty inaccuracies Mr. Ashley does a major service; what he fails to make clear, however, is that no one in the Dickens circle has suffered from them more than Forster. It has so often been repeated that Forster was "undoubtedly jealous" of Collins that it is beginning to be forgotten that this cannot be justified from anything he wrote or said himself. Collins, on the other hand, shares with G. H. Lewes the sneer that the biography of his friend was "the life of Forster with notices of Dickens," and he made further comments in his own copy of the three-volume edition which reveal nothing but dislike and annoyance. One of them was that: "The assertion (quite sincerely made) that no letters addressed by Dickens to his other old friends revealed his character so frankly and completely as his letters to Forster, it is not necessary to contradict. Dickens's letters published by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter may be left to settle that question." This edition of the *Letters* by Mary Dickens and Georgina Hogarth settles nothing: Dickens's correspondence with Forster remains exceptional in spite of the fact that half of it was destroyed unpublished. Collins had been consulted by Miss Hogarth about preparing her book, took a great interest in the work and gave her advice about what she called "the technical part" as well; but anyone who could be satisfied with her achievement as an editor was no fit judge of Forster's merits or demerits as a biographer. These criticisms by Collins were made privately after Forster's death: but although nothing could have been more valuable to everyone

interested in Dickens than an account of his relations with him as an editor, their collaboration and his opinion of his friend as a novelist, the only record he left was these few jottings in a copy of another man's biography. Whenever anything is said about Forster's "jealousy" and the way in which Collins has been written down, it should be remembered that the counter-charge is at least equally true, and that Collins always had the remedy at hand.

In conclusion it must be said that Collins's four best novels are undoubtedly admirable, but that this makes not the slightest difference to the problem of the effect of his work on Dickens; that while Percy Fitzgerald was unquestionably unreliable, this seems an inadequate reason for attacking Forster; and that although the problem of their literary relations deserves a much closer study, it has still to be examined far more carefully before anyone can not only pronounce that Dickens "paid Collins the . . . compliment . . . of emulation," but that Collins was "the only Victorian" to have "influenced Dickens's art."



AN INVALUABLE BOOKLET

To the well known series, "Writers and their Works," published for the British Council, and the National Book League, by Longmans, Green and Co. (2s.), there has now been added a new title, *Charles Dickens*, by K. J. Fielding.

Most wisely, Mr. Fielding decided not to use the limited space at his disposal to write yet another general introduction to Dickens. Of those, as he rightly observes, there are enough and to spare. He offers something much more original—a critical estimate of much of the great amount of printed Dickensiana now available to the student. To anyone assembling a Dickensian library, his booklet will be indispensable; but every reader of Dickens will find it absorbing and valuable. Mr. Fielding rightly argues that in spite of the vast number of published books on Dickens there is yet much to be written, and much to be rewritten and brought up to date.

Inevitably there is a section on the controversial issue of Dickens's relations with Ellen Ternan, on which the author's final conclusions will not find universal acceptance. But as that subject is treated by Professor Grubb on p. 121, no more need be said here.

Among the important works on Dickens that have appeared recently, here is a small one that is worthy to stand alongside the best of them; and, unlike most, its price will enable it to be added to the humblest collection. No Dickensian will be wise to neglect the opportunity.

NOTES ON THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

BY T. W. HILL

(continued from p. 93)

CHAPTER 28

1. MINERVIAN. The Roman goddess Minerva was the same as the Greek Athene, the goddess of wisdom, the arts and science. What a wonderful show Mrs. Jarley's must have been.

2. ASK THE BLACKING-MAKERS. The two great rival blacking manufacturers of the period, Day and Martin, and Warren, employed rhymesters (it would be flattery to call them poets) to supply verses for their advertisements. It will be remembered that Tony Weller remarked to his son: "Poetry's unnatural, no man ever talked poetry 'cept a Beadle on Boxin' Day or Warren's blacking, or Rowland's Oil, or some o' them low fellers." A specimen of these effusions will shew the standard of their artistic merit:

"Lord B—— laid a bet on two Game-Cocks, that they,
When pitted, would turn from each other away;
So, next day, in Boots of Resplendence grand,
By Warren's famed Jet, No. 30 the Strand,
He came, when relinquishing grosser pursuits.
The Cocks fiercely flew at the mirror-like Boots,
And each on his Shadow made desp'rate Attack,
Nor could they again to the Scratch be brought back;
Thus triumph'd Lord B——, Warren's Blacking the Cause
Of Vict'ry, while hail'd it with unbounded Applause."

3. UNFORTUNATE MAID OF HONOUR. Mrs. Jarley was narrating a tradition associated with the monument in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, to Lady Elizabeth Russell (1575-1601), Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, whose god-daughter she was. The effigy is of a seated figure in an osier chair and has a finger pointing down to a skull (the emblem of mortality) at her feet. Addison, in *The Spectator*, relates the tale as having been told to Sir Roger de Coverley; the additional particulars are Mrs. Jarley's own. Actually Lady Elizabeth died of consumption, aged twenty-six. Her epitaph reads: "dormit, non mortua est." (See *Westminster Abbey Guide*, 1924.)

4. ENLIGHTENMENT OF VISITORS. Although Nelly was not fifteen she must have had a wonderful memory and was a born cicerone: later in the book she assimilated the history and associations of the church which she shewed to visitors.

5. WINDOW DUTY. A tax on windows in houses where there were more than six: it was first imposed in 1695 and lasted till 1851. Evidence of its imposition can still be seen in buildings about a century old as window recesses filled in with brickwork, apparently awaiting the repeal of the tax, of which however advantage has never been taken.

CHAPTER 29

1. MR. GRIMALDI. Joseph Grimaldi, the celebrated clown, born 1779, died 1837. His memoirs were edited (and largely rewritten) by Charles Dickens in 1838.

2. LINDLEY MURRAY. It is interesting to note that the man who became an accepted authority on English Grammar was born in America (Pennsylvania) in 1745 and did not come to England till he was twenty-nine years of age. His grammar was published in 1795 and for half a century held the field as the standard text-book on the subject. It was followed by other lesson books in English. Murray died in 1826.

3. DEAN AND CHAPTER AND LORD BYRON. A reference to the controversy that arose (now practically forgotten) about Lord Byron's burial. When Byron died in Greece in 1824 his body was brought to England and lay in state in Great George Street, Westminster. Burial in the Abbey was refused by the authorities and the funeral took place at Hucknall-Tokard near Byron's country seat at Newstead. Ten years later (1834) the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey refused to accept a memorial statue for the Abbey; this statue is now at Trinity College Library, Cambridge, having been refused successively by St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum and the National Gallery.

4. VALIANT SOLDIER BY JAMES GROVES. This wording on an inn sign was "common form" denoting that the licence was held "by James Groves."

CHAPTER 30

I. TWO GOOD BEDS. The tariff is noteworthy; the total for two people in two bedrooms, with supper and beer, was two shillings and sixpence. It seems a pity that modern travellers will never be able to identify the "Valiant Soldier." The very sign itself appears to be an invention of Dickens.

CHAPTER 31

I. IN BOOKS, OR WORK, OR HEALTHFUL PLAYS. This is from Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs, No. 18, "Against Idleness and Mischief," better known perhaps as "How doth the little busy bee." Miss Monflathers has of course tampered with the text.

CHAPTER 32

I. BEFORE THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN. A direct allusion to St. Paul's injunction to the Ephesians: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." (Ephesians iv, 26.)

CHAPTER 33

I. ZAMBULLO. In Lesage's novel, *Le Diable Boiteux* (1707), Zambullo is carried through the air and shewn, all in one moment of time, the interior of every private house. Samuel Foote (1720-1777) produced a farce "The Devil upon Two Sticks" in 1768, and a drama, "The Devil on Two Sticks," also founded on Lesage's book, was written by R. B. Peake in 1836.

2. POUNCE-BOX. Pounce, a fine powder made from cuttle-fish bone, was used for sprinkling on the surface of parchment much used by lawyers for important documents, to prepare the rather greasy surface for taking ink.

3. MISTAKEN FOR A BEARD. A moustache is of course indicated; a beard does not grow on the upper lip.

4. BETWEEN THOSE TWO STOOLS. This expressive proverb on insecurity and instability has its roots in the dim past. Even in 1390 John Gower was writing:

"But it is saide and ever shall
Between two 'stooles is the fall."

5. DUKE'S PLACE AND HOUNDSDITCH. Now Duke Street, running parallel to Houndsditch. The whole district was at one time the centre of the Jewish second-hand clothes trade, and some of it remains to this day.

6. SOWING WILD OATS. The sowing of wild oats, so often followed by a deplorable harvest, is so well known that its meaning was well understood five hundred years ago: "That they may satisfy the foolish desires of certain light brains and wild oats which are altogether given to new fangleness" (Bacon, 1543); and Nashe (1600): "Youth ne'er aspires to vertues perfect growth Till his wild oates be sowne."

7. NEVER WANTING A FRIEND. One of Dick Swiveller's favourite sentiments and also one of Dickens's own. "May we ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him" occurs in the song "Since the First Dawn of Reason" composed by J. Davy (1765-1824). In chapter lvi, Dick and Sampson divide the phrase neatly between them. Captain Cuttle also knew the phrase.

8. BLACKSTONE, ETC. The works referred to are Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, 4 volumes, 1765-69; Sir Thomas Littleton (or Lyttleton) (1402-1481) was the author (in French) of *A Treatise on Tenures*. This was translated into English in 1500, and with a commentary by Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634) was issued in 1628; this is the book usually known as *Coke upon Littleton*.

9. JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE. Fictitious names inserted in former times in documents dealing with actions for ejectment. The use of this fiction was removed by the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852.

CHAPTER 34

1. BELCHER HANDKERCHIEF. A gaudily-coloured neckerchief affected by the pugulist Jim Belcher (1781-1811).

2. GREAT CHANDELIER. The music-hall and the theatre of the Victorian period had an enormous chandelier for candles or oil-lamps suspended from the ceiling over the pit; it was often decorated with festoons of cut-glass pendants known as "lustres" or crystals. The introduction of gas-lighting replaced many of these chandeliers with what were called "sun-burners" (clusters of gas jets) in the ceiling; these disappeared with the advent of electric light.

3. BEER-BOY. This functionary, with his tray of pots of beer was sent on a regular round during the morning and again during the afternoon.

CHAPTER 35

1. WHITECHAPEL . . . HOSPITAL. The large open space between the roadway and the houses on the north side of Whitechapel opposite the London Hospital (founded 1740) and reaching as far east as Stepney Green was known as "Mile End Waste" and was an open-air market. (This is where Sam Weller commented on the association of poverty and oysters.) It is now mostly enclosed as a series of railed-in gardens. It was less than a mile from Bevis Marks and was just the place where Brass would be able to pick up "a most amazing stool."

2. KIND OF TEMPLE. No result has rewarded an intense search for an original of the wonderful contraption in which the Single Gentleman managed to cook a compact piece of steak, boil an egg and accurately prepare some coffee all at the same time.

3. PHOSPHORUS-BOX. A pocket apparatus for procuring light; it consisted of a box containing a small bottle of sulphuric acid into which a small stick of wood (a match) with prepared ends could be plunged, when the stick caught fire. It was in common use till the invention of the lucifer match about 1829. In chapter 46 it is referred to as a fire-box.

4. WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE HAS LEFT BUT THE NAME. This is another of Moore's Irish Melodies from which Dick was so fond of quoting.

5. OH, BLAME NOT THE BARD. Still another of Moore's Songs.

CHAPTER 36

1. SPONGING HOUSES. Houses or taverns kept by bailiffs where people arrested for debt were lodged for twenty-four hours before being committed to prison. The respite permitted their friends to settle the debt and so, by "sponging" or "cleaning the slate," wiping out the charge and securing their release.

2. DREW NEAR TO HOUNDSDITCH CHURCHYARD. This was the churchyard attached to St. Botolph Aldgate. The expression is a delicate way of indicating "Old Foxy's" approaching death.

3. GOING THE ODD MAN, ETC. Coin-tossing by three or more persons, then if one coin turns up different from the others (heads or tails) that person is the "odd man out"; Newmarket (or Stops) is a card-game for three or more players in which chance is predominant; the term is also used for tossing coins "best two out of three" winning calls.

4. MY FEELINGS I SMOTHER. The final lines of verse 2 of Thomas Haynes Bayly's ballad: "We met, 'twas in a crowd." "The world may think me gay for my feelings I smother, Oh, thou has been the cause of this anguish, my mother."

5. GRATE . . . WOUND AND SCREWED UP TIGHT. The bottom, and sometimes the sides, of the old-fashioned kitchen range, occasional examples of which can be found in some country cottages, were movable and by means of a screw could be adjusted to make the fireplace larger or smaller.

CHAPTER 37

1. FIFE AND DRUM. The approach of a Punch and Judy Show was often heralded by the proprietors playing on a fife, or the

Panpipes, and a small side-drum, and the man impersonating Punch would occasionally call out in Punch's peculiar squeak, produced by means of a small metal plate carried in the mouth.

2. COMMISSION DE LUNATICO. Before a person can be put under restraint as insane, a formal enquiry (*de lunatico inquirendo*) is held by a Commission presided over by a Master in Lunacy, and thereafter a "committee of the person" is charged with his comfort and treatment, and a "committee of the estate" administers his property. It will be remembered that David Copperfield, on his return from his travels, put up at the Gray's Inn Coffee House with its "vast extent of that old wainscotted apartment (which was over the archway leading to the Inn)," where these committees met.

CHAPTER 38

1. TAKING A SIGHT. At one time a slang term for pretending to examine carefully by peering beneath one's hand held across the forehead and over the brow.

2. WHO RAN TO CATCH ME WHEN I FELL. A quotation from a once very popular nursery poem by Ann Taylor. Here are three of the original ten verses:

2.—"When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby
And rocked me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

4.—"When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

6.—"Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother."

CHAPTER 39

1. ORANGES AND APPLES. At the cheaper theatres and at circuses the audience frequently took their refreshments with them as if they were going to a prolonged picnic. (Nell Gwynne was originally an orange-girl at a theatre.)

2. ASTLEY'S. In Westminster Bridge Road, near the bridge. It was built in 1774 by Philip Astley, destroyed by fire in 1794 and again in 1803, and again in 1841. In 1862 it became the Theatre Royal, Westminster, and was finally pulled down in 1896. It was noted for equestrian and circus performances until the fire of 1841. A plaque at No. 225 Westminster Bridge Road now marks the site.

3. DECANTER STAND. A wicker basket with compartments to accommodate bottles.

CHAPTER 40

1. KIT TURNED OUT AT SUNRISE. Dickens never hesitates to give his characters strenuous days if necessary. Think of Ralph Nickleby's last day on earth, and also remember what Bella

Wilfer went through on her wedding day. In Kit's case he arose at sunrise, went to meet Barbara and her mother, then walked with them all the way to Finchley, quite six miles, and even then had time to rub down the pony while Barbara prepared the family breakfast. (One wonders why Barbara's mother undertook so long a walk before breakfast and what became of her afterwards.) Kit was fetched by Mr. Chuckster and as we know from the next chapter found his mother that evening in Little Bethel.

2. POOR LITTLE BARBARA. (See chapter 68, note 4.)

CHAPTER 41

I. CROOKED WAYS . . . BROAD THOROUGHFARE. An ingenious paraphrase, if not a perversion, of St. Matthew, vii, 13, 14: "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

CHAPTER 46

I. I SHOULD GIVE HER A TEASPOONFUL. A delightful example of the soothing "bedside-manner" of the general practitioner. After reading carefully this description it will be amusing to recall the following passage from *Tom Jones*, book vii, chapter 13, with which Dickens was, of course, very well acquainted: Tom had been injured in the hand, and the doctor ordered for his diet water-gruel. "Won't you allow him sack-whey?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay, sack-whey," cried the doctor, "if you will, provided it be very small." "And a little chicken-broth too," added she. "Yes, yes, chicken-broth," said the doctor, "is very good." "Mayn't I make him some jellies, too?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay," answered the doctor, "jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion." And, indeed it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied rather than have lost the custom of the house.

2. STAGE-WAGGON . . . GREAT BROAD WHEELS. The stage-waggons, with regular time-tables and stopping places, had necessarily "great broad wheels" sometimes exceeding twelve inches as the road were often ill-kept and had deep ruts.

3. JACK OF THE SWAMPS. Another name for the Jack-o'-lantern or Will-o'-the-wisp. Will is of course a contraction of William used as a generic name, and wisp is a small quantity of (lighted) straw. No good scientific reason has ever been given for the cause of this manifestation.

4. FIRE-BOX. See chapter 35, note 3.

(To be continued)



BATH

The 1952 session opened with a Social, at the invitation of the President, Mr. G. Breakwell, and was followed by a series of readings from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the book selected for study. The Annual Birthday Dinner was held at the Red House on February 7th, when the principal speaker was Mr. I. J. Pitman, the Member of Parliament for Bath. Other events included a New Year Social, and three successful Whist Drives. At the concluding meeting, a lecture entitled "The Dickens Spirit" was given by Mr. F. W. G. Thomas. Mrs. A. R. Twort was elected as President for the ensuing session. Meetings have been well attended, and interest in the work of the Society has been maintained throughout.

The early part of the session was saddened by the sudden death of Mr. W. Blathwayt, Life President. Mr. Luther Wilson was nominated as his successor.—F.W.G.T.

BIRMINGHAM

The past session, our Jubilee Year, has been thoroughly enjoyable and satisfactory. At the end of the previous session we had a successful excursion to Ashby. We opened in October with a brilliant talk by Mr. Dennis Birch, a speaker whom we always enjoy. In November Mr. Douglas Seale spoke of Production in the Theatre. It was a delightful talk full of new ideas. In December our old friend Mrs. Giles of Nottingham again entertained us with a talk illustrated by her very clever costume sketches. In January we had an instructive address from an historian's point of view given by the Rev. Douglas Murray. The Members' Evening in March showed that much thought and time had gone to the preparation of such a varied and enjoyable programme. Then there were the Social Events. The Tea and Social at Wimbush's Café was very much enjoyed and the Birthday Dinner was a dignified and most enjoyable function with brilliant speeches and excellent music. Our speakers were Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, Mr. Dennis Birch and Mrs. Giles. I have left till last the Dramatic Evening which I think was the highlight of the session. Mr. Simons adapted and produced *Hard Times*. To him and his company we owe a great debt of gratitude for all the hard work that goes into such a successful production. They not only gave us a wonderful evening but helped to interest new members and to bring the Fellowship before a new public.—E.F.D.

OBITUARY

Nottingham Branch records with much sorrow the death of its beloved President, Mr. J. Cooper Sands, on March 9th, and Mrs. Sands, on February 27th. For over thirty years Mr. Cooper Sands has been associated with the Dickens Fellowship, and was President up to the day of his death. During that time he endeared himself to each and everyone of the members, not only in Nottingham but to many friends in London and throughout the country. His adaptations of many of the works of Dickens

for the Stage have been performed in Nottingham by many other Branches, and by kindred societies. He himself was a gifted lecturer and a most versatile amateur actor. Many of his lectures were illustrated by his own photographic slides. He was President of the Nottingham Photographic Society for many years. Many will recall the sketches and character studies he gave at conferences and meetings, which he attended assiduously. It was always a pleasure to meet Mr. Sands, to hear him speak, or to be in his company, and Nottingham held him in the highest esteem. Above all, Mr. Sands was a great Christian. He worked all his life for the church in which he was baptised, fulfilling many duties and leaving a name amongst his fellow members which will always be honoured. We in Nottingham know of the great help Mrs. Sands afforded her husband and the Fellowship, although through unsettled health, over a period of years, she was unable to attend many of the meetings. It is a great consolation to know that in death they were not divided. B.B.

The Toronto Branch has lost one of its most brilliant members by the death of Dr. Benjamin W. Horan. He was President, 1947-50, during which time he achieved much for the Branch. He was a great student of Dickens and delighted to impart his knowledge in a highly entertaining manner. Since he became President the branch has had the gratuitous use of Sheraton Hall, Wycliffe University, for its meetings. All members are highly conscious of their indebtedness to Dr. Horan and to Dr. Ramsay Armitage Principal of Wycliffe, for this privilege. S.S.

MONTREAL

The Montreal Branch has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. Thomas Meikle Barrington, which occurred suddenly on April 15th, in his 76th year. Mr. Barrington was the Senior Member of the branch having joined when it was formed in 1909, and was Senior Past President, having held office from 1917 until 1919. For years he had been the backbone of the branch, and for a time delighted to promote the "Members' Night," when the entire programme was devoted to the Book of Study for the year. Mr. Barrington was also widely known in business and religious circles. A.P.

The thanks and congratulations of the Fellowship are respectively offered to the following retiring and newly-elected Branch Secretaries: Mr. P. W. Young, who succeeds Mrs. Martha Young, at Brisbane; Mrs. B. Osmond, who succeeds Miss G. M. Lloyd, at Liverpool; Mrs. J. Humphrey, who succeeds Mr. A. E. Newell, at Vancouver; Mrs. Mary Giles who succeeds Mr. Basil Bastow at Nottingham; and Mr. Vernon Fielder, who succeeds Mrs. A. Newcombe, at St. Pancras.

A hearty welcome to Britain is accorded to Mrs. Parks of Adelaide, Mrs. Tewsley of Auckland, Mrs. Charles Young of Brisbane, Miss M. Packard of Christchurch, Mr. Thos. L. Hughes of Victoria, Mrs. Gibson of Wellington, Mrs. Maud Orton of Boston, Mass, and Miss Whitelegge and Mrs. Breders of Sydney.

Dickens & Ellen Ternan ADA NISBET

The problem of the relationship between Charles Dickens and Ellen Ternan was raised some twenty years ago and has been the subject of controversy ever since. Miss Nesbit reviews the whole story, examines the previously known evidence and produces some striking new material from Dickens's letters and diaries. This is a sincere and scholarly book which no Dickens student can ignore. It is published by the University of California Press.

21s. net.

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE DICKENSIAN

Bound Volume for 1952
ready shortly.

15s. plus postage

Members own parts bound
with index

8s. 6d. postage extra

Title Page and Index for
1952

2s., post free 2s. 3d.

Now ready

Binding Cases

3s. 6d. plus postage

Prices of all back volumes
on application

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Sat. June 20—Ramble: "In Search of Tittlebats," conducted by Mr. John Greaves. Meet: Hampstead Underground Station, 2.30 p.m. Limited accommodation for tea, 3s. 9d. Please notify the Hon. Secretary not later than June 13th.

„ July 11—Pilgrimage to Bury St. Edmunds and Chigwell by motor coach. Tickets, incl. luncheon and tea, 30s.

„ „ 25—Garden Party: "Mrs. Leo Hunter's Fete Champêtre," at The Old Vicarage, 367 Horne Lane, Acton, W.3. Tickets, 2s. 6d., incl. tea, in advance only, from Dickens House.

Tues. Sept. 8—Evening Ramble: "Moving from Goswell Street," conducted by Mr. T. V. Brewer. Meet: Aldersgate Underground Station, 7 p.m.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Hol. 2127.

Hon. Secretary: JOHN GREAVES.

Hon. Treasurer: E. J. MITCHELL.

Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss JANE DAVIES, 21 West Side, Clapham Common, S.W.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mr. VERNON FIELDER, 4 The Pantiles, Temple Fortune, N.W.11.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—Mr. STANLEY. H. EYRE, The Rookery, Christ Church, Chancel Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—Miss G. M. ROLLING, 7 Southcot Place, Lyncombe Hill.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mrs. FOX-DAVIES, 48 Wood End Road, Erdington.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL Mrs. BRAMMER, 237 Waterloo Road.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—ARTHUR GEORGE, "Cleveland," 27 Kellaway Avenue, Westbury Park, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Miss G. WATERER, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

CHELTHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—A. MORTON WEBB, Dickens Hall, Upperton Road.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—J. DOUGLAS-MASTERS, 2 Parkside Terrace.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—Miss D. A. KENDALL PEARSON, 128 Wotton Hill.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Miss MARGARET CORDOCK, 59 Richmond Street, Hull.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Mrs. B. OSMOND, 63 Heathfield Road.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES (No. 135).—Miss DOWNS, 85 St. Anne's Road East, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—Miss A. M. POOL, 19 Sandilands Road, Wythenshawe, Cheshire.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—Mrs. MARY GILES, The Rectory, Wollaton.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 137).—Mrs. STOCK, 58 Francis Avenue, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs W. R. COOPER, 13 Highgate, Penwortham Hill.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—Mr. VANN, "Shottery," Meadow Hill Crescent.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—H. GARNER, 20 York Road.

RUGBY (No. 111).—Miss E. D. HUDSON, "Elmhurst," Ashlawn Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Mrs. J. MOXON, 50 Grove Avenue, Sheffield, 6.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. H. M. CROCKITT, 24 Ashley Street.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54).—B. C. E. OSMAN, 31 Chapman's Walk, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74).—Mr. C. J. TURNER, Brookside, Church Street.

WOLVERHAMPTON (No. 136).—Miss G. WEEKES, 45 Belmont Road, off Penn Road.

AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE (No. 127).—C. T. BARNES, Mt. Loos South Australia.

BRISBANE (No. 83).—Mr. P. W. YOUNG, 8 Howland Street, Milton.

MELBOURNE (No. 24).—Miss McMEKIN, DE 1879—R, G.P.O.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64).—Mrs. L. BANNIST, 1 The Strand, Rochdale.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND (No. 99).—Miss J. C. HARPER, 2400 Helens Bay Road, St. Heliers, E.1.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—Miss E. M. CLAGG, 83 Totara Road, Riccarton.

DUNEDIN (No. 139).—Mr. E. SYRETT, 12 J. Street, C.2.

WELLINGTON (No. 121).—Miss L. McKENZIE, 57 Majoribank Street.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100).—J. HOLMES, 10032 102nd Street.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 52).—Mrs. M. EDWARDS, 4745 Queen Mary Road.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. 32).—Mrs. E. L. SCHMIDT, 66 Lankin Blvd.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—Mrs. J. HUMPHREY, 6625 Laburnum Street.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—Mrs. D. H. WHELAN, Apt. 5, 1128 Collinson Street, Victoria.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25).—Mrs. D. SUTHERLAND, 49 Kennedy Street.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73).—Miss E. MACCORMAC, 174 Washington St., Malden, MA.

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 131).—EUNICE GRIFFITHS, 5418 7th Ave, Los Angeles.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Mrs. JOHN O'BRIEN, 1222 Kerlin Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Mrs. DAMARIS BRADFORD, 1302 Waveland Avenue.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—M. NAAS, 1136 East 15th Street, Oakland, 6.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Mrs. S. MILLES, 4022 High Street.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 115).—Miss MARGARET C. NEWMAN, Library of Hawaii, Honolulu.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. 89).—Mrs. ELIZABETH RICKARD, 10843 Olinda Street, Sun Valley, Cal.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103).—Mrs. J. G. D. MALLON, 1626 Madison Street.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108).—Mrs. A. WHITFORD, JNR., 2735 Hall Avenue.

MARYVILLE (Missouri) (No. 133).—Mrs. A. HARVEY, 722 North Fillmore St., Maryville, Mo. U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29).—M. E. C. RITCHIE, 40 W. 84th Street.

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. 129).—Mrs. CAROL PARSONS, 1623 Palm Drive.

PASADENA (Cal.) (No. 87).—Mrs. WM. COCHRANE, 621 E. California Street.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41).—WM. NEVIN OGLESBY, 241 So. 21st Street.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 97).—Mrs. F. FAIRMAN, 1011 N. Negley Avenue, Apt. 12.

SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. 126).—Miss ISABEL MOUNT, 317 Harvard Avenue, N.

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60).—Mrs. T. 274 W. Montecito Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119).—Mrs. E. COLTON, Millbury Mass.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and Forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.